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Lincoln.com/blacklabel

*SEE A LINCOLN BLACK LABEL DEALERSHIP FOR COMPLETE DETAILS.



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Eternal Sunshine With its medieval villages, rolling countryside, and lush vineyards, Portugal's Alentejo is poised to become the next Napa or Tuscany. Guy Trebay eats, drinks, and horseback rides his way through the region.



100

Sleeping Beauty Hanya Yanagihara makes a shopping pilgrimage to Kashmir, in northern India, where craftsmanship elicits religious levels of devotion—and time seems to have stood still.



118

The Life Exotic Lindsay Talbot joins designer Waris Ahluwalia and friends on the most glamorous kind of work trip—one that involves sipping *mezcal* and scaling Mayan ruins in Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula.



110

All in the Family The Ocean View Club has become a second home for generations of stylish visitors to Harbour Island in the Bahamas. As David Amsden reports, its newest caretakers bring a romance of their own.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHIEU SALVAING; BRIAN W. FERRY; JENNY GAGE AND TOM BETTERTON; CHRISTOPHER WRAY-MCCANN



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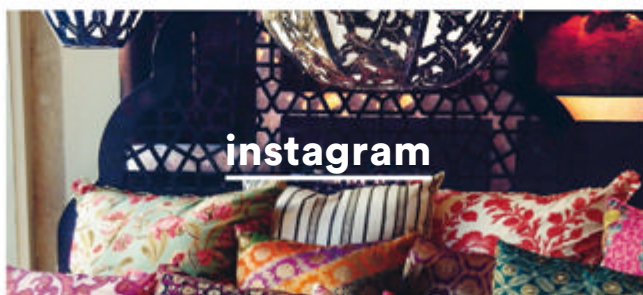
Where are you going this year? Send your photos and tips to letters@condenasttraveler.com.



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Through the Lens Of
Nancy Baron takes a new look at the eternal cool of Palm Springs.



28
Global Style Scott Schuman trains his lens on accidental fashion around the world.



Local Finds This month, we celebrate handmade products and the stores that sell them. Follow us @cntraveler and share your favorites with #madeherebuyhere. Above: Editor-at-large Hanya Yanagihara loves these pillows from Tulu Textiles in Istanbul.



32
Out in the World Ralph Lauren's new restaurant; spring escape essentials; a Tokyo concept store.



THE COVER
Behind the scenes on our cover shoot. Lucrezia, left, and Lucilla Bonaccorsi at their villa the Beach House, near Noto, Sicily. Photograph by Matt Hranek. Dresses (here) and floral two-piece (on cover) by Luisa Beccaria (luisabeccaria.it; prices upon request). Lucrezia wears Trinity de Cartier bracelet (cartier.us; \$17,100); Lucilla wears Roberto Coin bracelet (Nordstrom stores nationwide; \$7,000). See "Villas We Love," page 48.



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Upgrade Swapping out winter's heavy layers for swimsuits and easy cotton cover-ups is one of the essential joys of a spring vacation. Here, what to pack for city, beach, and boat getaways.



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Travel Journal Sisters Marlien and Coliena Rentmeester share their insider's guide to Bali.



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DIGITAL EDITION

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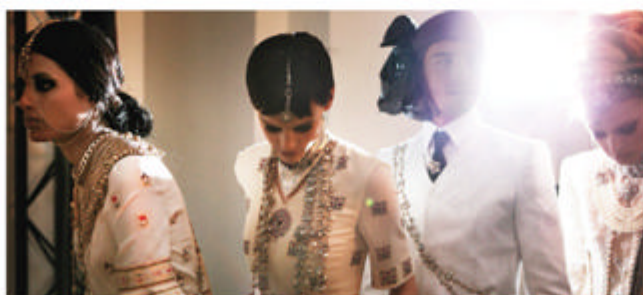


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Villas We Love In Sicily, a fashion designer and her daughters offer stylish properties for rent.

LEAVE IT TO THE OMBUDSMAN

Advice and mediation for the trials of travel. Got a problem? E-mail us at ombudsman@cntraveler.com.



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Global Citizen The annual Chanel Métiers d'Art is a glittering traveling showcase for the work of Chanel's artisans, led by their ringleader, Karl Lagerfeld. Suzy Menkes reports from Salzburg.



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Pilgrimage Tomas Maier campaigns to preserve modern architecture in Tokyo.



60

Quick Trip An hour's drive from Paris (or an easy train ride from Charles de Gaulle Airport), Chantilly has a fairy-tale chateau, Michelin-starred restaurants, and one of the best art collections in Europe.



68

Well-Traveled A day in the life of fashion and Instagram sensation Carlos Souza.



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Black Book J. J. Martin on where to eat and shop like a local in her adopted hometown, Milan.



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Travel Intel What to buy at this month's featured destinations, plus a do-good tour company.

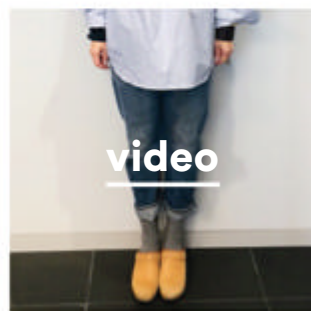
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Souvenir A bracelet decorated with charms from trips past sparks a lasting family tradition.



video

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The Help Desk

Consider this your personal travel hotline. We combed our social channels and chose three travel conundrums/dreams to demystify/realize, enlisting the expertise of our editors and travel experts. Give us a shout on Twitter (@cntraveler) or on Facebook with your travel questions.

SICILY

- "I've fallen in love with the Sicily I've seen in films," says Nilofar Durrani. "It's time to see it for myself."



There's a lot to cover in Sicily, from the city of Palermo to the Greek temples of Agrigento. You *could* tackle it in a week, but ten days is ideal.

- "So where do I start?"



In Palermo. It's best to line up a guide to tour the Piazza Pretoria, and he could also arrange day-trips to the medieval town of Erice and a winery just outside Segesta.

- "We'd like to see Syracuse. Should we do Taormina, too?"



Definitely. And Francis Ford Coppola shot scenes from *The Godfather II* in nearby Savoca. A driver can take you there and to Capo Sant'Alessio, where some of *Part III* was filmed.



➡ Seeing all of the region's historic towns, wineries, and vistas requires serious logistics. You can rent a car at the airport and try to do it yourself, or leave it to a pro: We trust Adamarie King of Connoisseur's Travel (connoisseurstravel.com) to do the legwork and plot side-trips such as those mentioned above and others to places farther afield like the Aeolian Islands, north of Sicily.

COLOMBIA

- "I've been wanting to go for some time," says Makenzie Marineau. "I'm thinking Cartagena."



Your timing couldn't be better. Cartagena, the splendid colonial city on the country's Caribbean coast, is enjoying a remarkable renaissance with excellent new hotels and restaurants.

- "We'd love to see the city, but we also want nature. Lots of it."



We love Tayrona National Park, where the hiking trails lead to dozens of small coves and into the jungles of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta.

- "What about a coffee plantation visit?"



Just outside Tayrona—and easily reached via taxi—is the village of Minca, home to La Victoria, coffee growers since 1892.



➡ Getting there is easier than ever: Avianca and JetBlue both fly nonstop to Cartagena from New York and Fort Lauderdale, and other airlines offer connecting service. There are dozens of boutique hotels in the city, but *Condé Nast Traveler* readers give the Sofitel Legend Santa Clara Cartagena top marks in our annual Readers' Choice poll.

INDIA

- "My dream is to go off the beaten path in India," says Maggie Langeness.



The weather in Rajasthan is fantastic from October through March. You'll want at least ten days to get the best sense of North India, which includes must-sees like the Taj Mahal.

- "Could you recommend some hikes or excursions?"



If you're not afraid of heights, do a hot-air balloon ride in Jaipur. Or explore a safari-style leopard camp in Udaipur in an open-top Jeep.

- "We're game for all of that. We'd also like to stay in famous historic hotels."



Look no further than the Taj Lake Palace in Udaipur, a former royal residence.



➡ India is one of those destinations where a travel specialist's expertise—and on-the-ground connections—come in handy. We recommend Bertie and Victoria Dyer of India Beat (indiabeat.com). They'll book all of your activities and ensure that you'll see can't-miss sights like bustling Delhi and the Amber Fort. They'll also snag deals at the country's top hotels.

The travel specialists mentioned above have customized itineraries to Sicily and India. The first ten readers to book each trip will receive a ten percent discount. For more on these trips, visit editorsitinerary.cntraveler.com.

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Palm Springs, 2012

“I wanted to look at the life you don’t see when you’re a tourist,” says photographer Nancy Baron, who began documenting Palm Springs nine years ago when she became a part-time resident. In her recent book, *The Good Life: Palm Springs* (Kehrer Verlag), Baron tips her hat to the iconic desert town’s halcyon past by capturing the essential tension between the artifice—and even kitchiness—of its postwar lifestyle and mystical natural beauty. The bright retro caftan she wears in this self-portrait taken by her pool recalls the 1960s and the resort’s heyday, when the Hollywood elite escaped here from Los Angeles, just two hours to the west. With its 300 days of sunshine a year and wealth of world-renowned mid-century modern architecture, this design mecca at the foot of the San Jacinto Mountains continues to beckon California dreamers in search of the golden past—not to mention the good life that Baron’s work so effortlessly glorifies. —Kate Cunningham



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*The new and the cool: The restaurants, hotels, and things
we can't stop talking about.*

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Photographer Scott Schuman captures real global style.

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Get packing: Fresh looks just in time for a spring getaway.

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Bali's best: Where to stay, shop, and eat.

word of mouth

The dining room at
Ralph Lauren's Polo Bar
in New York City.

True Originals

When Scott Schuman isn't documenting the street style outside New York's and Milan's runway shows, he's capturing the unwittingly chic far from the world's fashion capitals. "I'm looking for people whose style helps you create a story and fall into the romance of a place," he says of his recent work, which is taking him ever farther afield. "We know how to react to a photograph of a designer-clad girl in Paris, but what about that guy on the street in Mumbai?"



^ PUSHKAR, INDIA

"The camel fair in Pushkar, a two-hour drive west of Jaipur, attracts people from all over India; there's a festival atmosphere here. These women were dancing to entertain the crowds, and knew exactly how to twirl their full, colorful skirts to dramatic effect."



< SOWETO, SOUTH AFRICA

"I met this young man in his township near Johannesburg. He and his friends follow all the street-style blogs that report from Pitti Uomo and the men's runway shows in Milan. More than the clothes they see captured there, what they're really attracted to,

they told me, is what they imagine as this idealized, elegant life. His green, white, and red hatband was a tribute to his favorite Italian street-style star, Luca Rubinacci, whose birthday it was that day. The secondhand suit was altered by a local tailor."

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CUZCO, PERU

"People think of India as the place for colorful dress, and though it may win the prize for brightness, it's in Peru—which has a thriving knitting culture—that you see people with such an incredible sensitivity to tone and color combinations."

UBUD, BALI

"I took three or four frames of this guy: He saw me, but he never moved an inch. His posture says so much about the confidence of being young and thinking you've got it all figured out. He knew he was having his moment."



VARANASI, INDIA

"I love that these kids have a healthy disrespect for the formality of a school uniform. It immediately made me think of

sprezzatura—that Italian form of nonchalant elegance. Her tie is tucked in; his collar is popped up like he just ran out the door."

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Instant Classics

On a frigid winter night, stepping into the warm cognac-and-crystal glow of the **Polo Bar**, Ralph Lauren's much-anticipated new restaurant and bar that recently opened on New York City's East 55th Street in the beloved La Côte Basque's old space, is like entering a party scene in a Woody Allen film. And everyone—the men in tweed jackets and turtlenecks and the women in neutral-hued cashmere and riding boots—seems to be playing their roles, circulating from table to table with kisses and handshakes as if at a wedding. But unlike the membership-averse Woody, Lauren, seated and very much at home in one of the saddle-leather banquettes, seems to have created an instant institution where everyone feels like a member. “I wanted to open a



place that makes people want to return again and again,” he says. The design—an homage to establishments like the ‘21’ Club in New York and Harry’s Bar in London, with a subtle undercurrent of any-New-England-country-club-circa-1979—puts the recent “old-school gentlemen’s club” trend in restaurant design to shame. Everything from the stained-pine (not mahogany) paneling to the collection of equestrian paintings, and from the patinaed trophies to the decidedly un-gourmet yet delicious burgers, speaks to a to-the-manor-born insouciance (1 E. 55th St.).

If the Polo Bar, with its clubby tufted-leather and brass fittings, feels like a Manhattan establishment, **Ralph’s Coffee**, Lauren’s other new venture, is its bright, daytime counterpart. Located on the second floor of his flagship store, the café is a welcome antidote to the Midtown bustle: the rare opportunity to sit at a bright, quiet table overlooking Fifth Avenue. Here too, Lauren nails the details with just the right mix of nostalgia and style (711 Fifth Ave.).

TRAVEL UNIFORM

Spring Break

You have only a few precious days in the sun. Keep the layers light and the colors bright.



Gucci sunglasses (Solstice Sunglasses boutiques nationwide; \$295); **Ashley Pittman** pendant and chain (ashleypittman.com; \$995 and \$495); **Etro** tunic (Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; \$4,425); **Eres** bikini (netaporter.com; \$290); **Aerin** bangles (aerin.com; \$270); **Loeffler Randall** shoes (amazon.com; \$195).



HOT PROPERTY

Niko And

It’s not just shopping that the Japanese take seriously: It’s the entire concept of retailing itself. Now, the country that brought you the lifestyle megastore (Muji, whose outposts in Japan sell everything from clothes to candy to appliances) and the 19-hour bookstore (Tokyo’s Daikanyama T-Site) is debuting what might be called the permanent

pop-up boutique. Located on a busy thoroughfare on the edge of the youth culture-obsessed Harajuku neighborhood, **Niko And** is the flagship of the eponymous fashion label, which specializes in preppy-casual men’s and women’s separates (think a slightly more normcore version of A.P.C.). But what distinguishes this shop is its commitment to change; the first theme of the store was the city of Portland (a Tokyo obsession), meaning that, along with the brand’s perennial offerings

of tote bags, music, plants, books, vintage-inspired wrapping paper, and magazines, there were candles, limited-batch soaps, and coffee sourced from or inspired by Portland, as well as a sun-drenched second-floor restaurant, set up as an outpost of Portland favorite Navarre and serving salads and charcuterie. The selections available in-store and in-restaurant will change frequently, making Niko And a real-time experiment in constant reinvention (6-12-20 Jingumae).

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATT HRANEK (2); GORMAN STUDIO; KOHEI TAKE



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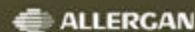
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HANG TEN. HANG LOOSE. HANG OUT.

A SCENIC DRIVE FROM WAIKĪKĪ BEACH TO O'AHU'S NORTH SHORE AND PLACES IN-BETWEEN.

For generations, Waikīkī Beach on O'ahu has showcased the iconic Hawai'i. Who can resist a hike up Lē'ahi (Diamond Head), sun-drenched surf lessons or a sunset on the world's most famous beach? But for those who love the urban-ocean mix of O'ahu, Waikīkī is just the beginning.

Nearby, Kapahulu is fun, with funky shops and unique eateries. From there, head to Nu'uuanu Pali Lookout for a view of Windward O'ahu and the good things to come. The coastline leads you to O'ahu's fabled North Shore and the surf town of Hale'iwa, where summer waves are mild, but winter is reserved for the pros.

Beyond surf and sea, you'll discover historic places with their own stories to tell: Bishop Museum, 'Iolani Palace, Pearl Harbor. And wherever your travels lead you, take a few moments to savor the local flavors, from exotic fruits in Chinatown to farm-fresh menus.

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This is where the action is. The heart of the Hawaiian Islands. While O'ahu is famous for iconic Waikiki Beach, Pearl Harbor, and the North Shore—it offers so much more. Visit vibrant festivals and events. Savor a taste of the booming farm-to-table scene. Explore the diverse natural landscape and culture that makes Hawai'i so unique. Veer from your itinerary and discover extraordinary people, such as National Spearfishing Champion Kimi Werner.

"Hawai'i allowed me the most magical childhood. I was surrounded by nature and living off the land and ocean," says Werner. Even to this day, Werner lives an almost entirely self-sustained lifestyle on O'ahu. Instead of running to the supermarket, she slips into her mask and fins and goes spearfishing in the Pacific. "It's a challenging way to live in the modern world," Werner says, "but I believe I can make the world a better place."

O'ahu has taught Werner to "Let Hawai'i Happen" and respect life's simple pleasures. "About 10 years ago, I was walking my dog in Kaimuki and noticed this new restaurant called Town," she says. "I sat down right then and fell in love with the place. Today, it's blossomed into an environmentally friendly community with delicious food made from local ingredients. I knew from the start it was special."

Spearfishing and green-inspired living are just the beginning of Werner's passions. She's also an artist who's captivated by the beauty all around her. "Hawai'i has lush valleys, black-lava terrain, and snow-covered peaks. I love to paint abstracts of shell prints and taro leaves. Everything about the islands makes me want to create."

While Werner travels the world for freediving competitions, she always looks forward to returning home. "While I'm on O'ahu, I swim out with a simple pole spear to catch small fish like *āholehole*," she says. "I just want a humble dinner and to be grateful for my time in the ocean." While Werner doesn't always feel the need to catch big trophy fish, she does have her eye on the bigger picture. "By living a more responsible life," she says, "I'm hoping to encourage others to do the same."



Kaua'i • O'ahu • Moloka'i • Lāna'i • Maui • Hawai'i



Kimi Werner
Photo by Ryan McInnis/Harbor House Life





Already Packed

The warm-weather getaway starts long before you step off the plane. It begins the moment you imagine not having to pack socks. Here are some spring must-haves that remind us how good it feels to peel off the winter layers.



One&Only

RESORTS

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One&Only Reethi Rah—Fanditha



One&Only Reethi Rah—Water Villa

ISLAND CHIC

One&Only Reethi Rah

The envy of all Maldives resorts, One&Only Reethi Rah is surrounded by stunning white-sand coves and turquoise bays on a secluded island in North Malé. Yet the lush greenery and stretches of pristine coastline are just the beginning. Add in the award-winning spa, exquisite cuisine, and elegant architecture—and you have a stylishly elevated escape.

One&Only Reethi Rah offers some of the most spacious and luxurious villas in the Indian Ocean. The villas—each a sophisticated sanctuary crafted from rich materials such as coconut shell, teak, and silk—feature high, airy ceilings. Guests can fully indulge their senses from the villa's private veranda, over-water deck, and swimming pool or relax in the stone soaking baths designed for two. All villas boast state-of-the-art, easy-to-use entertainment systems with surround sound.

Dining at One&Only Reethi Rah can be either casual or

formal—but it's always extraordinary. From Far East fusion at Reethi Restaurant to dishes prepared from the resort's own organic garden to modern Japanese fare, you're always treated to innovative culinary delights and impeccable service.

To nourish your spirit, Only&Only Spa offers expert holistic treatments that range from indulgent beauty therapies to signature wellness journeys. Swirling vitality pools, crystal steam rooms, and the healing waters of the new Watsu pool await. The resort often welcomes visiting practitioners for further wellness experiences.



Serene white-sand beaches

And then there's the exclusive Grand Sunset Residence, standing along 20,000 square feet of breathtaking beach, generously designed for up to seven guests. Why not share the coveted Only&Only experience with those you love?



ANCHORS AWEIGH

Clockwise from top right: Valentino Garavani bag (valentino.com; \$2,075); Band of Outsiders blazer (Barneys, N.Y.C.; \$1,250); MiH Phoebe jeans (mih-jeans.com; \$245); Valextra trolley (Valextra, N.Y.C.; \$10,410); Bottega Veneta Prusse Bianco Ciel Stuoia leather lace-up (bottegaveneta.com; \$950); Smythson Dover Housekeepers purse (smythson.com; \$602); Leica X Edition Moncler (Leica

stores nationwide; \$2,950); Stone & Strand Vintage Chanel twisted cuff (stoneandstrand.com; \$1,200); Gucci belt (gucci.com; \$485); Bvlgari Bvlgari necklace (bulgari.com; \$13,000); Gucci Horsebit bracelet (gucci.com; \$2,150); Ralph Lauren Stirrup watch (ralphlaurenwatches.com; \$17,500); Tiffany sunglasses (Sunglass Hut stores; \$580); Sleepy Jones Marina pajama shirt (sleepyjones.com; \$145).



URBAN ZEN

Clockwise from top: Chanel bracelet, J12-365 watch, and Premiere necklace (Chanel and Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques nationwide; \$1,550, \$11,000, and \$36,500); Fendi 3Baguette purse (fendi.com; \$2,550); Friends Taylor headphones (wearefriends.com; similar styles available); Dior Technologic

sunglasses (Dior boutiques nationwide; \$520); Tiffany T cuff (tiffany.com; \$3,500); Georg Jensen Aria 3-Row ring (georgjensen.com; \$295); Bulgari MVSA ring (bulgari.com; \$12,200); H. Stern Golden Stones ring (H. Stern, N.Y.C.; \$13,200); Jennifer Fisher single-knot cuff (jenniferfisherjewelry.com; \$515).



Upgrade



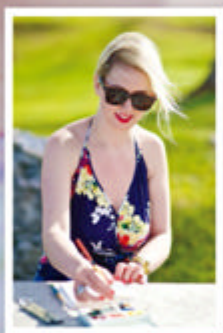
FANTASY ISLAND

From top: Hasselblad Stellar/Lunar camera (Bergdorf Goodman Men's Store; \$2,195); Louis Vuitton Pégase 45 Epi suitcase (louisvuitton.com; \$3,450); Eres swimsuit (888-656-3737; \$470); Tory Burch tunic (toryburch.com; \$495); Dries

Van Noten necklace (4510, Austin; \$1,645); Ashley Pittman Kuruka bangles (ashleypittman.com; \$895 each); Tom Ford Patchouli Absolu Eau de Parfum (tomford.com; \$215); Proenza Schouler espadrille sandal (Proenza Schouler, N.Y.C.; \$495).

advertisement

Drawn to BERMUDA



Follow New York-based fashion illustrator Meagan Morrison to beautiful Bermuda, where she soaked up the sun-drenched palette and discovered a vibrant local art scene. From riding motorbikes to swapping inspiration with painters, jewelry designers, and perfumers, Meagan was swept away by the island's bold creative spark and welcoming warmth. Here, the @TravelWriteDraw Instagram darling shares her journey.

BERMUDA
so much more

Island

Inspired

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF BERMUDA WAS BREATHTAKING.

The pastel homes, the impossibly blue water, even the greenery was so vivid. I couldn't wait to grab my brushes—but first, it was off to meet some of the island's most innovative artists.

I started my day meeting fellow fashion illustrator Emma Ingham at her studio in St. George's. Emma shared stories of her work with me, and her passion was an inspiring introduction to the island's creative energy. Next, I visited the beloved Bermuda Perfumery, where Isabelle Ramsay-Brackstone is a masterful artist in her own right. From fresh sea spray to sweet loquat fruit, her love for the island is represented in every fragrance she creates.

By far the most memorable moment of my trip was exploring the magnitude of the art scene with the founder of the Masterworks Museum of Bermuda Art. When Tom Butterfield motorbiked up to the entrance in his pink-framed glasses and told me to hop on, I was in for a ride I would never forget. He gave me an insider tour and explained how the museum's current exhibit focuses on the island's unique juxtaposition. How on one hand, Bermuda is a tranquil paradise. On the other, it's home to the Bermuda Triangle.

Fascinated with the Triangle's mysteries as a child, jewelry designer Rebecca Little uses the iconic motif in many of her collections. When I visited her studio, she greeted me with open arms and was eager to share more inspirations: stepped roofs, ocean hues, and ribbons of fabric. It was amazing to illustrate Rebecca while she was wearing her own designs.

Bermuda's intrigue really sank in when Graham Foster invited me to see his 1,000-square-foot mural at the National Museum. It took Graham over three years to paint his masterpiece and he spoke fervently about the story it represents. From shipwrecks to folk art and colonial architecture, his mural captures the island's true essence through five centuries of history.

After an amateur's stab at glassblowing at the Royal Navy Dockyard, it was finally time to spend some time with the sea. I had looked out at the turquoise horizon from atop Gibbs Hill Lighthouse and from my panoramic Fairmont Southampton balcony but I couldn't wait to explore the island with a watercraft guide. It was the ultimate rush.

I ended my journey on a reflective note in the quintessential Bermuda setting—a pink-sand, shell-riddled beach. Experiencing the island through the eyes of its artists while surrounded by such intense beauty had inspired me beyond words. So, I let my brushes do the talking. ♦



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT

Motorbiking with Tom Butterfield at the Masterworks Museum. Admiring fashion illustrations at Emma Ingham's studio. Original Meagan Morrison illustration. Island tour via watercraft. Graham Foster explains his Hall of History mural.

BERMUDA
so much more

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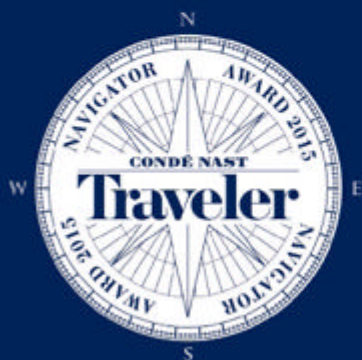
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Coliena and Marlien Rentmeester

*Two sisters—Coliena, a fashion photographer, and Marlien, founder of the style blog *Le Catch*—share their finds (and memories) from a few stolen days in Bali.*

THERE WAS a time when my identical twin, Coliena, and I did everything together, and vacations were no exception. But over the years, marriage, children, and careers made our twin-bonding getaways less frequent. So when an invitation to a family wedding in Bali sprang up last summer and our calendars actually aligned, we were off and running.

Bali was in many ways our genesis: It's where our Indonesian mother and Dutch photographer father met in the late '60s. And though we were born and bred in New York City and currently reside in L.A., we returned to the island throughout our childhood, and as backpacking students and young

adults as well. It's a deeply mystical place, where legend—and our mother!—dictate no green swimsuits in the ocean, lest you stoke the ire of the sea goddess Ratu Kidul, and no standing in the shadow of a banyan tree, where spirits are said to lurk. Coliena had recently returned to Bali for work, but I hadn't been in a decade. Things had changed, but all that we've long loved remains: awe-inducing temples, secluded beaches, magnificent sunsets, friendly locals. We had only a few precious days, so we limited our exploring to the area between Ubud, in the center of the island, and Uluwatu, on the southern coast, all while avoiding the shadows of banyan trees. —Marlien Rentmeester

Where we stayed

We rented a modern villa at the water-front **Fairmont Sanur Beach**, on the south-east side of the island, where we had our own pool, gorgeous bedrooms, and a cook's kitchen. The hotel, which is off the town's bustling main road, is peacefully away from the fray but within walking distance of shops and restaurants (8 Jalan Kusuma Sari; from \$260). After I left, Coliena extended

her trip and checked into the **Ketapang Estate** in Tabanan (pictured below). Locals call it "Bali's best-kept secret," and for good reason: It's not easy to find. Accessible by tiny roads that cut through rice paddies and cross rickety wooden bridges, the remote hotel, made up of eight villas, is surrounded by lush jungle and a private black sand beach (Banjar Klecung Kelod; from \$570).



1 The bright and airy Villa Pantai at the Ketapang Estate in Tabanan, on Bali's southwestern coast.

2 Coliena, left, and Marlien in the Sanur neighborhood of Batu Jimbar.

3 Small daily offerings of flowers and food—left in front of homes, shops, and temples by Balinese Hindus—are seen all over the island.

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Where we ate

We had lunch almost daily at the busy **Café Batu Jimbar** in Sanur. This insider's favorite serves Indonesian and Western food: You can have the most authentic and delicious *mie goreng* (stir-fried egg noodles with chicken and vegetables), a killer Caesar

salad, and fresh juice (75 Jalan Danau Tamblingan). Finding **Café Marzano** had us driving around Ubud for 20 minutes, but the thin-crust pizza and serene rice field views were worth the search (Jalan Hano-man). **La Lucciola**, on the beach in Semin-

yak, was our favorite see-and-be-seen spot: The sunsets are electric, and the Italian food spectacular—particularly the linguine with sun-dried tomatoes, basil, and garlic and the fresh-baked bread, a treat in the land of rice (Jalan Petitenget).

●● *I love how international Bali feels. It's a mecca for surfers, yogis, eco-adventurists, and straight-up tourists from all over the world. Where else can you find a single menu with at least five different cuisines (all of them delicious), or a taxi driver who speaks Japanese with an Australian accent?* ●●



The scene at Finn's, in Ungasan—bustling, but not out of control.

Where we swam

While Bali is famous for its radical surf breaks (especially in Uluwatu), we swam and snorkeled in the calmer, reef-filled waters at **Finn's Beach Club**, in the town of Ungasan, which has all the trappings of a

beachside spot on Mykonos—bar service, chaise longues, music—without the over-the-top vibe and insane crowds. The open-air funicular you take to get down to the beach is particularly cool (Jalan Pantai Selatan Gau).



Marlien, post-swim, climbing the steps from Finn's Beach Club.

Where we shopped

The island's most compelling indie boutiques—with locally designed caftans and swimsuits, vibrant *ikat* sarongs, and one-of-a-kind art, jewelry, and handmade accessories—are in Seminyak and Ubud. Our favorites include **Uluwatu**, for delicate handmade lace tops and dresses (Jalan Monkey Forest); **Magali Pascal**, for sophisticated resort-chic clothing (65 Jalan Raya); **Jeng-**

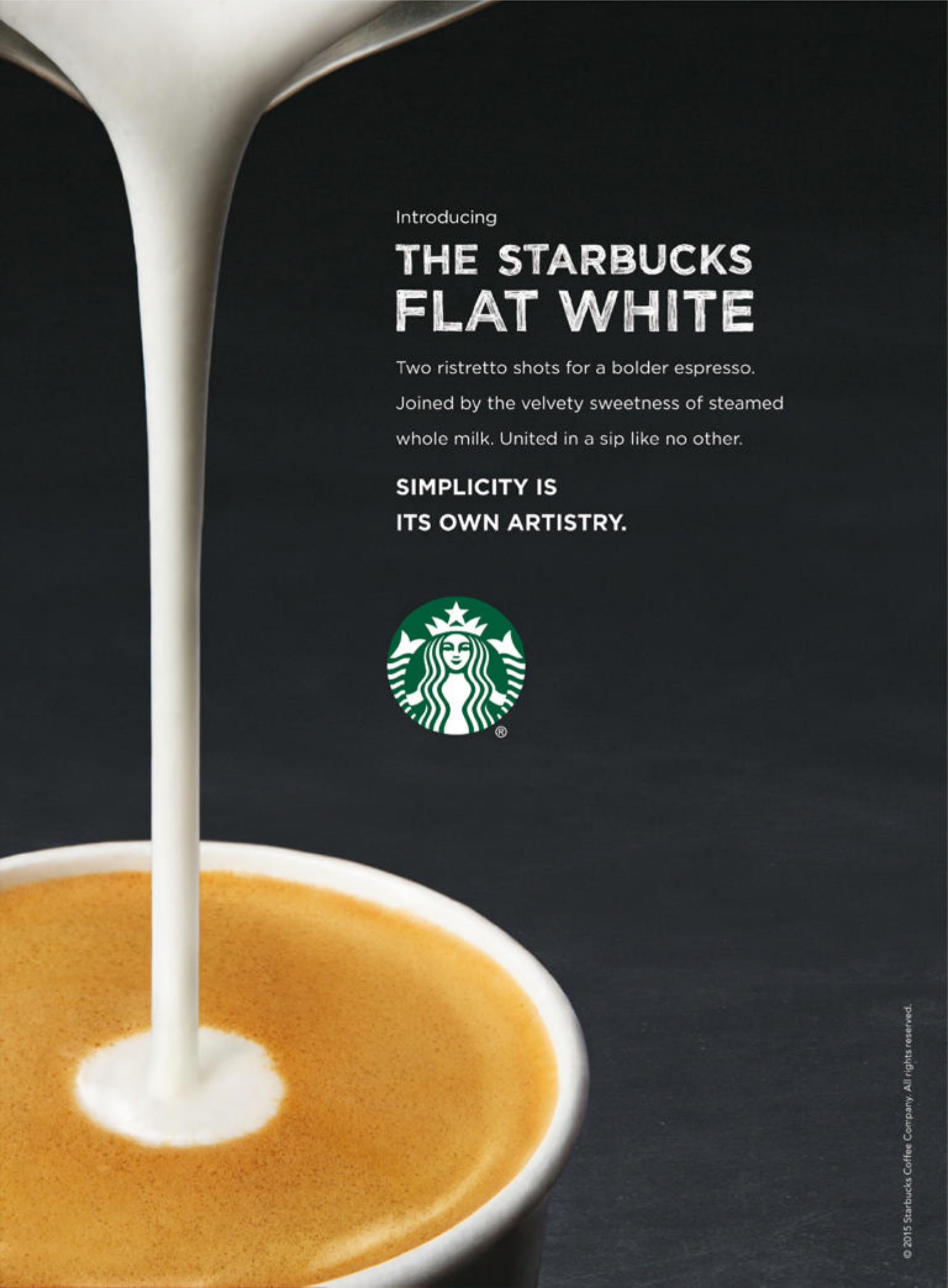
gala, for handcrafted ceramics and teak trays (51 Jalan Danau Tamblingan); and **The Pantry**, for hard-to-find baguettes, cheese, and wine (75a Jalan Danau Tamblingan). **Hardy's Sanur**, the island's version of a department store, carries quintessential Balinese souvenirs—sarongs, silver jewelry, and woven bags—and regionally made housewares (136 Jalan Danau Tamblingan).



What we wore

It's essential that you be able to go from the beach to a restaurant or shop with minimal effort: Our go-to Bali look was a sun hat, sandals, and an easy dress or tunic that you could throw on over a swimsuit.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY COLIENA RENTMEESTER (2); GORMAN STUDIO, PROP STYLING BY YOLANDE GAGNIER, ETRO STRAW HAT AND SILK COVER-UP (NEIMAN MARCUS STORES NATIONWIDE AND NETAPORTER.COM; \$545 AND \$1,588), COACH BEACH FEATHER SANDALS (COACH.COM; \$195)



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*Where we're going next, who we're following, and our strategies
for getting from inspiration to destination.*

52

Chanel's Métiers d'Art show
travels to historic Salzburg.

58

Designer Tomas Maier takes
on Tokyo's modernism.

60

Near Paris, Chantilly
is a destination all its own.

72

The Italian fashion set's
guide to Milan.

where what how

A view of the
Château de Chantilly.

A Place in the Sun

Milanese designer Luisa Beccaria and her industrious daughters, Lucilla and Lucrezia, have designed a pair of family-owned villas that let you live in southern Sicily like a member of the Italian gentry—if only for a visit.



Lucilla Bonaccorsi at her family's villa near Noto, Sicily.

MILANESE DESIGNER Luisa Beccaria is well known for the ethereal beauty of her flowing dresses, each marked as much by meticulous craftsmanship as by a barefoot ease. Not surprisingly, she has applied the same luxurious yet unpretentious ethos to transforming what were two crumbling farmhouses into a pair of casually elegant villas near Castelluccio, the eighteenth-century country castle of her husband, Prince Lucio Bonaccorsi Di Reburdone, in southern Sicily. With the help of daughters Lucilla (the co-designer of Beccaria's fashion line) and Lucrezia (a stylist), the family has now made the properties available as vacation rentals.

Set near the Ionian Sea in the 3,600-acre Vendicari Nature Reserve, the romantically vine-shrouded villas couldn't be more idyllic. "They're smaller scale, more 'easy-living' than Castelluccio, but with the same detail-oriented philosophy as our designs," says 30-year-old Lucilla, casually rolling one of her mother's intricately embroidered dresses into her beach bag during a day by the sea. The Beach House, the former barn, is now a four-bedroom villa with a roof terrace and views of the tidal salt flats as well as Vendicari's protected beach (a ten-minute stroll away through orange and olive groves). The second villa, Olives House, is about a mile away but conveniently near Calamosche Beach, considered one of the most beautiful in Sicily.

"Both houses have the same colors—lots of cream—and the same outdoors/indoors feeling," says Lucilla. "There's bougainvillea and wildflowers everywhere, and fruit trees all around us." The decor is rustic, slightly frayed, but somehow impeccably chic—the kind of insouciant, seemingly unstudied

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1



2

1 Lucilla, left, and Lucrezia Bonaccorsi.

2 A grove of ancient olive trees surrounds the swimming pool at Olives House.

3 Once a derelict barn, the Beach House has been converted into a bougainvillea- and plumbago-covered villa filled with furniture designed by the family.



3

glamour you find only in Cotswolds cottages or, yes, aristocratic homes; the kind that wears its pedigree lightly. Here, platform beds designed by the family function like couches; you can while away the entire afternoon with a good book. The kitchens are stocked

with tomatoes and figs from the Bonaccorsi's gardens and orchards.

It's an atmosphere made for lingering. Just a few miles away is Noto, a grandly Baroque jewel of a town with rosy limestone palazzi and an imposing eighteenth-century cathedral accessed

via a mammoth stone staircase. Buy a newspaper and have a refreshing granita at Caffè Sicilia, and afterwards, you get to return to living the dream—having a designer villa all to yourself (39-340-475-4016; from \$3,500 per week).

—Maria Shollenbarger



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WHOLE OTHER COUNTRY

Karl Lagerfeld
and Cara
Delevingne at the
Chanel 2014–15
Métiers d'Art show
in Salzburg.

Time Traveler

It seems equally appropriate and surprising that this year's Chanel Métiers d'Art—Karl Lagerfeld's annual traveling runway show that occurs outside the traditional fashion schedule—was held at Schloss Leopoldskron in Salzburg. The eighteenth-century Rococo palace, which over the past three centuries has been home to King Ludwig I of Bavaria during his reign and director Max Reinhardt before he fled the Nazis, tells the story of Middle Europe itself. During the candlelit procession of Alpine lederhosen, feathers, tweed, lace, and loden green, it was difficult at times to separate plaster filigree from hand embroidery, fantasy from reality, history from dream state. And that is precisely the point. Just when an ethereal blue-chiffon look bordered on fairy-tale sweet, the next—a super-short lederhosen and thigh-high lace-up suede boot ensemble—delivered the right dose of twenty-first-century subversion that we expect from a designer who borrows from the past and from place (in this case, his own origins) as readily as he discards it. From Dallas and Istanbul to Edinburgh and Bombay, Lagerfeld, both the ultimate citizen of the world and the pioneer of the roving collection, keeps us guessing where he'll go next. *Suzy Menkes* considers the spectacle.

AS I SAT in the magnificent palace in Salzburg, I wondered if, for the Hamburg-born designer, this was a kind of homecoming: Everything about Lagerfeld's collection, beginning with a white-lace-draped Cara Delevingne starring as the Austro-Hungarian empress Sissi, suggested that he was paying homage to his northern European roots—the edelweiss flower decoration; the kooky take on lederhosen (paired here with

leather shorts); the flower-embroidered hose worn with a tweed jacket; the red-striped military pants and lace collars.

But when I asked him about the significance of Salzburg in particular, Lagerfeld quickly disabused me of any literal connection. “Haute couture is always in Paris, ready-to-wear has huge sets, but the Métiers d'Art is semi-couture—though I try to make it abstract. I didn't want to have just some

‘Gretchen,’” he said, referring to the models, whom he was careful not to turn into Teutonic caricatures.

Rather, the star of the show was less Salzburg itself than the art of craftsmanship: The lace, braiding, embroidery, and elaborate featherwork on display paid testament to what Bruno Pavlovsky, president of Fashion, Chanel, calls “a virtuous circle.” Lagerfeld's dreams become reality—one artisanal fur, feather, and



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1 Backstage at the 2013 Edinburgh show.

The Return, a short film about Coco Chanel, at the 2014 Métiers d'Art show in Dallas.

2 A private screening of Lagerfeld's



embroidery detail at a time—while his collections in turn reify the importance of the work of human hands, especially in the twenty-first century.

In some ways, this makes Lagerfeld the Medici of artisans around the world, as well as a global chameleon. Over the past decade, his geographically diverse Métiers d'Art collections have demonstrated a rare ability to absorb and

reimagine the most unlikely of cultures, even as Paris—and the confident, sophisticated woman of the world—remain his true north. While the Chanel team takes its caravanserai of models and support staff to different countries, its roots are in the large, light, glass building in Pantin, on the outskirts of the city, where embroiderers at the Lesage studio and plumiers at the

Lemarié atelier work alongside hat- and shoemakers to create collections that are as fanciful as they are authentic.

Consider the ground Lagerfeld has covered: Last year's Dallas show gave denim the couture treatment through the prism of the Wild West; 2013's Edinburgh show, held on an icy winter evening in front of the stone ruins of a historic castle illuminated with fiery candles and glowing braziers, plunged viewers headlong into an ancient culture. There, a band of Scottish Highlanders with wailing bagpipes were the perfect backdrop for hot-red plaids in fluffy mohair and knits made by Barrie, the Scottish cashmere label owned by Chanel. I have seen many of these presentations, from the historical 2008 Moscow show—a theatrical set with *kokoshnik* headdress and white fur against plush red-carpeted steps—to the intense opulence of the 2011 Istanbul one.

Of course, one of Lagerfeld's great talents is to find a reference to Gabrielle Chanel herself in whichever distant region inspires that year's Métiers d'Art show. This was certainly true of Salzburg. In a 1922 letter to French artist Jean Cocteau, Chanel mentioned a summer trip to the Tyrolean Alps in Austria. It was a period when *Vogue* was already extolling the joys of the Salzburg Festival, founded by Max Reinhardt, composer Richard Strauss, and librettist Hugo von Hofmannsthal. The famous Chanel jacket was, according to Lagerfeld, inspired by an elevator boy's uniform from a hotel Mademoiselle Chanel supposedly stayed in while visiting Salzburg and the Tyrol.

Was Coco ever *really* there? Maybe not. But the fact that she started an affair with an Austrian aristocrat by the name of Hubert von Pantz gave Lagerfeld license to imagine an infatuated Coco dreaming about the elevator boy's uniform. And the rest, as they say, is history. ♦

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Maier, on the Hotel Okura's geometrically tiled staircase; the embellished facade; the designer at the 1963 Nissay Theatre.



Tokyo Moderne

Designer Tomas Maier returns to Tokyo on a mission to save the iconic 1962 Hotel Okura—and promote the preservation of Japan's modern architecture.

STEPPING INTO the Hotel Okura Tokyo is like being teleported to 1960s Japan: There's the retro lobby, a bento box of wood paneling, hexagonal hanging lanterns, and chairs clustered around lacquer tables in configurations meant to resemble plum blossoms; the exterior, embellished with tiles in patterns of *namako* (sea cucumbers); the old-school bar where James Bond knocked back drinks in *You Only Live Twice*. For Tomas Maier, creative director of the Italian fashion house Bottega Veneta (and the son of an architect), it was love at first sight.

"The first time I visited Japan was in the mid-1980s, and I stayed at the Okura," he recalls. "I was taken by the

beauty of the lobby, the staff in their kimonos, the hospitality, and the details. The Okura was the beginning of my interest in Japanese modernism."

So when it was reported last year that the hotel—designed by architect Yoshiro Taniguchi and a potent symbol of Japan's post-war revitalization—would be redeveloped for the 2020 Olympics, Maier knew he had to make a pilgrimage before it was too late. He spent several days at the Okura and visited a handful of other modern classics as well, including the Nissay Theatre, with its ceiling of 20,000 pearl oyster shells, the Yoyogi National Gymnasium, and Kenzo Tange's 1964 Kagawa Prefectural Gymnasium. Like

these, many of the city's mid-century masterpieces are at risk of demolition, earthquake damage, or renovation—and Maier wants them to get the protection they deserve. "Temples and castles in places like Kyoto are recognized as national treasures, and the Japanese put great care into their preservation," he says. "But those built after the war are taken for granted." Now, Bottega Veneta has launched a campaign, spearheaded by Maier, to raise awareness about saving Japan's modern architecture, and to convince the Japanese that not all of their treasures predate the war. "It's about the possibilities that exist in taking them forward," he says. —Lindsay Talbot



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Besides Chantilly cream, the lyrics “Chantilly lace and a pretty face” might be the only association some of us have with the City of Light’s most overlooked nearby cousin. Next time you fly through Charles de Gaulle, pray for a long layover.

Paris Match

Castle, no
crowds: The
Château de
Chantilly.



ON A MAP, Chantilly appears at first glance a mere suburb, a tiny enclave just an hour’s drive from Paris or 30 minutes by train—often overlooked by visitors and even Parisians themselves as they make their way to marquee destinations like Versailles, Deauville, and the Loire Valley. But contributing editor and photographer Matt Hranek spent an afternoon there last fall and

came back gushing about this Renaissance gem with its magnificent chateau, renowned horse-racing track, superb restaurants, and one of the finest art collections in France—in fact, all the beauty and elegance of Paris without the crowds and headaches.

“The chateau and gardens, the phenomenal stables, the walks in the forest that abuts the town—it’s all divine,” he

says. “And the fact that it’s so close to Paris and Charles de Gaulle is amazing.”


Hranek visited the town when he attended the inaugural Chantilly Arts & Elegance classic car show, which was held on the grounds of the elegant nineteenth-century chateau. A turreted confection in pale stone, the Château de Chantilly is perched on a moat whose serene waters offer fairy-tale reflections



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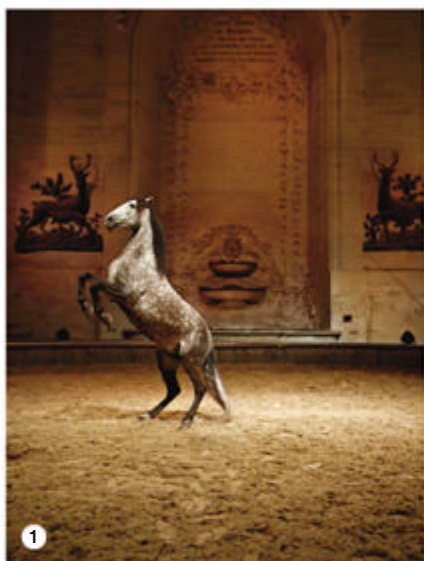


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1



2



3

1 Chantilly is known as France's horse capital; here, a performance at the Hippodrome.

2 Jockeys awaiting their race.

3 The stables overlooking the Hippodrome. It's most thrilling to watch the daily races right on the edge of the track.

of the ornate building. Home to French noble families for centuries, it was partially destroyed during the French Revolution and reconstructed in the 1870s in faux-Renaissance splendor. The princes of Condé used it as a hunting lodge, and today its ornate rooms are adorned with their spoils and trophies: mounted stag's heads and statues of hunting dogs—a very masculine decor. The last owner also left behind works by Fra Angelico, Raphael, Ingres, and others in 1897; the result is one of France's most extensive art collections, considered by historians to be second only to the Louvre's.

Outside, the extravagance extends to the formal gardens—designed in the seventeenth century by André Le Nôtre and bedecked with fountains, clipped shrubbery, and the rustic *hameau*, or mock village, that inspired Marie-Antoinette's milkmaid folly at Versailles. Nestled between the miniature half-timber cottages stands an outdoor tea salon

SEE

Château de Chantilly

You could spend an entire day within the castle walls, viewing the apartments, the artworks—its endowment states that the art is not to leave the premises—and the library, which has its own celebrated collection of illustrated manuscripts. Clear your head afterward with a stroll

through the 115-acre grounds (Domaine de Chantilly).

Henson Equestrian Center

If you're yearning for a good trot, the center offers guided tours of the town's monuments—on horseback, of course—and the Chantilly forest (Domaine de Chantilly).

Musée du Cheval-Grandes Écuries

Equine lovers will adore the "Horse Museum—Grand Stables," including the beautiful and surprisingly moving horse show. "I got really choked up watching it," Hranek says. The renovated Hippodrome now hosts races year-round, which are especially thrilling when you're "right on the edge of the

track," he says (Domaine de Chantilly).

Musée du Patrimoine et de la Dentelle

Chantilly lace isn't just the name of a 1950s pop song—the town did in fact produce the delicate handiwork for a brief period in the seventeenth century. Though production eventually moved west to Bayeux, the quaint "Museum

of Heritage and Lace" still celebrates the town's history of craftsmanship with drawings, sculptures, artifacts, and ephemera (34 rue d'Aumale).

SHOP

English Shop

This eclectic store on Chantilly's main street is a holdover from the nineteenth-century Anglophone

community. Its shelves are stocked with British products, from Marmite to marmalade, as well as equestrian souvenirs. The shop serves a proper afternoon tea as well (96 rue de Connétable).

Maison de la Porcelaine

Chantilly is known for its porcelain, which the town has been producing since

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3 A pastoral view: Looking out onto the grounds of the Château de Chantilly from the Auberge du Jeu de Paume.

2 The beloved French bistro Le Goutillon.



serving heaping clouds of the château's most delicious legacy: its lightly sweetened whipped cream. According to local legend, Louis II de Bourbon-Condé's maître d'hôtel, François Vatel, invented crème chantilly here in the seventeenth century, and the château is still known today as the "cradle of whipped cream."

Of course, no hunting lodge would be complete without stables, and the château's are considered a masterpiece of eighteenth-century architecture. These days, the grand building, which once accommodated hundreds of hounds and horses, houses the Musée du Cheval—a collection of equine art, paraphernalia, and 31 horses of various breeds that perform daily dressage shows.

Finally, if art, architecture, and all things equestrian aren't enough of a draw, the town's excellent restaurants, Hranek says, "get it right in every way—from food to decor." Who needs Paris when you've got all this? —Ann Mah

the 1700s. This boutique atelier sells reproductions of the eighteenth-century hand-painted "Kakemono" style (delicate designs inspired by Japanese patterns) as well as modern styles, all handmade (2 Pl. Omer Vallon).

Sporting Tailor
Vincent Dumoutier creates made-to-measure hunting jackets, skirts,

jodhpurs, and jockey silks in this century-old shop (36 ave. du Maréchal).

EAT

Auberge du Jeu de Paume
First, enjoy a drink before dinner at this Relais & Châteaux hotel's bar; next, proceed to its two-Michelin-starred restaurant, La Table de Connétable, which

continues Chantilly's tradition of sumptuous feasts. Chef Arnaud Faye celebrates local produce with a creative twist—standouts include turbot braised in seaweed butter, and roasted partridge dusted with coffee—which he serves in a serene dining room decorated in shades of beige and burgundy (4 rue Conné-

table; from \$385).

Le Goutillon

With its vintage posters, black-and-white-checkered floors, and patrons squeezed elbow to elbow on the red-vinyl banquettes, this Chantilly institution ("the classic French bistro of your dreams," Hranek says) offers traditional French fare, flawlessly prepared.

The chalkboard menu changes daily, but he recommends the *steak frites* and the *sole meunière* (61 rue Connétable).

Restaurant du Parc-le Hameau

This family-run restaurant in the Château de Chantilly's garden is accessible only on foot. The shady alfresco dining area is the perfect spot to while away

a lazy summer afternoon, and the menu offers dishes like duck confit, gratin potatoes, and salads studded with rich bits of sautéed chicken liver. Desserts of fresh berries or house-made apple tarts are deliberately served plain—all the better to showcase the lavish dollops of crème chantilly (Domaine de Chantilly).

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#SOBEAUTIFUL

How the most beloved—and least jaded—fashion jet-setter became the unwitting patron saint of Instagram.

CARLOS SOUZA touched down in San Francisco on a recent Sunday afternoon and dashed over to The Battery, the invitation-only social club designed as a refuge for the city's blue bloods and their new Pacific Heights neighbors from the tech sector. After depositing his expertly packed Rimowa trolley in one of the clutch of hotel rooms that the club retains for a select few, Souza went straight to the De Young Museum for a cocktail reception honoring an old friend, designer Carolina Herrera. From there, he made his way to dinner at Gary Danko with Denise Hale, the playful grande dame of San Francisco society.

The next morning, wearing track pants and bright-white Valentino sneakers after an early hike up the windy trails of Land's End, Souza headed to the Legion of Honor Museum, where curator Martin Chapman guided him through an exhibition devoted to the treasures of Houghton Hall, the English country house belonging to the Marquess of Cholmondeley. ("Clever girl!" Souza exclaimed each time he was confronted with fresh evidence of Sybil Sassoon's good taste.) An hour or so later, back in a blazer and swinging a green crocodile tote, Souza joined friends for a late lunch at Cotogna, where he hadn't made it as far as his table before an older couple waved him over for a photo, explaining that they were two of the 35,000 fans of his Instagram feed, @carlossouza1311. "I'm not Brad Pitt," he protested, offering his ready smile to the camera. Within minutes, chef Michael Tusk was raining white truffles down upon a plate of fried eggs, which Souza happened to mention were his favorite substrate for these Piedmontese prizes. Then it was off to the Valentino boutique, where social darlings Alexis and Trevor Traina threw Souza

Carlos Souza, brand ambassador for Valentino, in his Manhattan apartment.



a party to celebrate *#Carlos's Places*, his new book of photographs, before migrating with the entire group to a dinner hosted by Ken Fulk, bon vivant and interior designer to Silicon Valley's new billionaires.

For Souza, the Brazilian-born global brand ambassador at the house of Valentino and a fixture in the fashion firmament for four decades, this whirl was all in a day's work. Or was it work? From the moment Valentino first

spotted him, a beautiful teenager floating through the colorful masses of Rio's Carnival in the 1970s, Souza has earned his living making work look quite a lot like play. No sooner had he arrived in New York than a smitten Andy Warhol persuaded Souza to shoot for *Interview* magazine, convinced that his sex appeal could make people do whatever he wanted for the camera. Other fashion mini-careers followed: He was a stylist at *Harper's Bazaar* and a model for Issey

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Miyake, among others. But mainly, Souza has been the house of Valentino's dashing public face, the conduit between beautiful dresses and glamorous women. (Remember the black-and-white gown from the Valentino archives that Julia Roberts wore when she won the Best Actress Oscar for *Erin Brockovich* in 2001? Souza made that happen.) He is also a charter member of Valentino's small and near-immutable social circle. As a consequence, Souza's life remains a movable feast of fashion parades and awards shows, galas, art fairs, society weddings, dinners on a boat or the slopes with assorted European royals or their Hollywood equivalent—all of which he shares, generously, on his frothy, you-could-be-here Instagram feed.

"We people from fashion, we travel in the craziest way," says Souza, now back in New York—one of three cities, along with Rome and Rio, where he feels truly at home (although he is rarely there, he confesses, or anywhere, for long). Souza turned 60 last year, but his eyes retain their seductive sparkle, the music of his native Portuguese lingers in his voice, and he still speaks with a penchant for superlatives—a kind of lingua franca for those in his field. Souza came of age in the era of old media, but the hashtag seems made for him: That shorthand of social networking, with its power to distill and to aggregate, has



Souza, left, and a friend attend a birthday party for Valentino at New York's Studio 54 in 1978.

allowed him to communicate via Instagram with anyone who might wonder what it's like to be in Big Sur for Anne Hathaway's wedding, or at Positano's Le Tre Sorelle eating *paccheri con zucchini*. His book—which compiles three years of peripatetic posts accompanied by lists of favorite hotels, restaurants, museums, and shops—might come off as smug or showy in other hands. But it's hard to begrudge Souza his glittering life, in large part because no one seems more innocently awed by it all than the man himself. (Consider the euphoric hashtags, such as #socol and #sobeautiful, and the all-caps captions that he favors; in Souza's world, nearly everything merits majuscules.) While many in his generation of fashion figures still struggle with iPhone-era patois, Souza may have found in it his true calling, as spiritual father to the selfie generation.

"Contrary to what people might think, this is not really a new chapter, because I was always collecting images," explains Souza, who from the beginning of his career seemed to understand that there was a place for him on both sides of the lens. "As soon as I arrived in the lives of the Valentino group, I would keep a chronicle of my daily activities in one of those Sierra Club planners. Like, 'Woke up, had bacon and eggs in the Hotel de Russie.' Now, hardly anything in my life remains unphotographed. If I see beauty—and I see it in a drop-dead red carpet moment or through the windshield of a New York taxi in the rain—I take the picture. Over time, fashion people get very

jaded, high-maintenance, seen-it-all. Not me. I wake up and I feel like I'm 16."

IN AN irony in which he takes some satisfaction, it is his two sons who have pressed him to set down his phone and reconsider the breakneck pace of his life. "I got addicted to Instagram," says Souza. "And this was my dilemma. I wanted to capture everything but still be present. My sons are both vegans, both yoga instructors, not into nightclubbing or drugs or @badgalriri" (Rihanna's racy Instagram). "They say, 'Daddy, with your hectic life, you can't wake up and reach for your phone. You need to meditate for five minutes.' So now I meditate for five minutes . . . and then I reach for my phone."

It's also why, once a year, Souza slips off the axis of fashion in favor of a trip with his sons, preferably somewhere unfamiliar, where he knows no one and doesn't speak the language. "Like the Romantics," he says, "traveling to North Africa to enlarge their vision." On these journeys, Souza swaps the Babylonian opulence of the Valentino entourage for a quieter luxury to which he was introduced years ago, when the late Colombian tycoon Julio Mario Santo Domingo and his wife, Beatrice, took him to Bali. "This was a special moment for me," Souza explains, "because I realized that a simple, bare, Zen approach—the absence of things—was, for me, the ultimate elegance."

The moss garden of Saihō-ji in Kyoto, the long black swimming pool at Aman Resorts founder Adrian Zecha's Villa Batujimbar in Bali, the Mortuary Temple of Queen Hatshepsut in Luxor, its tiers of columns carved into the tall golden cliffs; all of these represent Souza's ideal of "refined calm," one he's replicated at his Brazilian country house in the mountains of Nova Friburgo, an area settled in the 1820s by the Swiss. Here, Souza spends his days pruning trees to stem the encroaching lushness ("Pruning is probably my greatest addiction," he confesses). The lack of signal makes Instagramming impossible—although every few days, he admits, he drives about 15 miles to upload new photos. —Rob Haskell

Souza's Top 5

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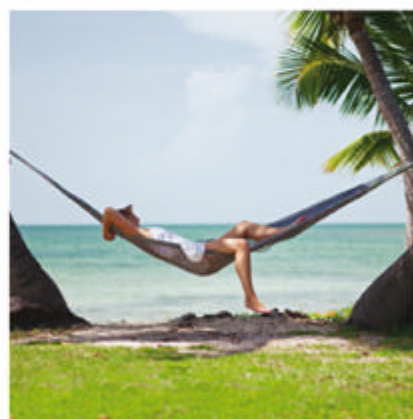


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MILAN



Milan is more than Italy's business capital or transit hub, an industry town living in the shadows of the

*more camera-ready Florence, Venice, and Rome. No one knows this better than American expat **J. J. Martin**, fashion writer and founder of lifestyle site ladoublej.com. In her 13 years of living in Milan, she's come to see what her friends know well: that it is a city as stubbornly passionate about maintaining its sense of tradition as it is dedicated to innovation. Here, she mines the black books of some of the country's leading fashion designers and members of the creative class—and opens up her own.*

Shop Like a (Fabulous) Local

After Marni and Gucci, it's time for the quirky and under-the-radar.

Casa del Bianco

"I love the city's historic boutiques," says Angela Missoni, who counts this almost 200-year-old linen shop as one of Milan's best. Everything from bed sheets to children's clothing is made-to-measure here (Corso Magenta 2).

Giolina & Angelo

Veronica Etro likes to pick up gold rings and charms—all of which are handmade and can be personalized with names or initials—at this tiny jewelry store in Brera (Via Solferino 22/a).

Il Valore Aggiunto

Alberta Ferretti loves this small, hidden shop that specializes in vintage furniture. "You can find unusual pieces here, like armchairs covered in rare fabrics

and interesting garden furniture," she says (Via Mameli 3).

L'Oro dei Farlocchi

A cabinet of curiosities in Brera, this sprawling vintage shop has rare collector's items (Chanel memorabilia, retro toys) and eye-popping objets (eccentric oddities, unusual statues). "I'm crazy about their vintage teddy bears," says Canali creative director Andrea Pompilio (Via Madonnina 13).

Raw

This design shop (above) has a well-balanced mix of vintage and contemporary decorative items. "It's impossible to leave without buying something," says Rochas and No. 21 designer Alessandro Dell'Acqua (Via Palermo 1).

Rubinacci

Famed Neapolitan tailor Luca Rubinacci recently reopened his Milan boutique on the Via del Gesù, which is lined with ateliers specializing in bespoke shoes, suits, and everything in between—making the street the city's official menswear hub (Via del Gesù 1).

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The Suite Life

Style rules in this town—and its lavish hotels are no exception.

Bulgari

The first hotel from the luxury jewelry brand is an instant success, with 58 sleek guest rooms accented with black marble and teakwood floors, and a fabulous tranquil garden that draws the fashion crowd for an alfresco *aperitivo* or lunch in spring and summer (Via Privata Fratelli Gabba 7/b; from \$813).

Grand Hotel et de Milan

If modernism isn't your thing, try this nineteenth-century mansion (below)—once the home of Verdi—where antiques, oil paintings, and Oriental rugs are scattered throughout the 95 guest rooms. Bonus: La Scala, the Via Montenapoleone, and the Duomo are all just a five-minute walk away (Via Alessandro Manzoni 29; from \$232).

Maison Borella

This beautifully renovated building from the 1700s is Milan's only waterfront hotel. Its lovely location—right on the Navigli (the city's canal system)—is an exceptional asset when the weather is warm and you can sip a cappuccino on your room's geranium-lined terrace (Alzaia Naviglio Grande 8; from \$197).

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Beyond the Duomo

A cultural must-see list.

Accademia di Belle Arti di Brera

This fine art school is one of fashion designer Andrea Pompilio's favorite destinations in Milan. "Don't skip the botanical garden out back—just remember to bring mosquito repellent!" he says (Via Brera 28).

Casa degli Atellani

Dsquared2's Dean and Dan Caten have a thing for hidden palazzi. They love this enchanting fifteenth-century home (above) where Da Vinci lived while he finished painting *The Last Supper*. By appointment only (Corso Magenta 65).

Casa-Museo Boschi Di Stefano

Mansions-turned-museums are a Milanese specialty, and while this home near the Milano Centrale train station—designed in the 1930s by Piero Portaluppi—isn't as well known as guidebook classics like the Villa Necchi Campiglio, the Museo Poldi Pezzoli, and the Museo Bagatti Valsecchi, its collection of twentieth-century modern art makes it a must (Via Giorgio Jan 15).

Chiesa di Santa Maria Presso San Satiro

Visit the gourmet food emporium Peck (Via Spadari 9, in Centro), then take a quick peek inside this fifteenth-century church—the gilded friezes and Gothic frescoes are spectacular (Via Speronari 3).

Mazzucotelli's Cat

Keep an eye out for the early-twentieth-century wrought iron work of Alessandro Mazzucotelli, which adorns many of Milan's Liberty-style buildings. According to furniture designer Barnaba Fornasetti, the artist's metal cat on the facade of this private palazzo in Centro is one of the city's best-kept secrets (Corso Monforte 43).





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How Not to Look Like a Tourist

Don't order a cappuccino after 11 A.M. Here, it's a breakfast drink and much too heavy to ingest after a meal (and remember, Italians take it standing up at the bar, not at a table).

There's a right way to order in a café: Check out the pastries or sandwiches in the display, order and pay at the cashier, then bring your receipt to the barman, who will serve you at the bar.

Avoid the cafés in the tourist-ridden Galleria and Corso Vittorio Emanuele II as well as around the Duomo. The only exception: the brilliant Zucca café, in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II. Tourists swarm the tables, but there's a delightful old-school local crowd at the bar (standing, of course).

Don't try to have lunch at a bar, a café, or even a restaurant during the off-hours of 2:30 through 7:30 P.M. However . . .

Embrace the mini-meal. The Italian tradition of the fully stocked *aperitivo* spread was born in Milan. Order a drink starting at around 6:30 P.M. and you'll find it comes with a complimentary plate piled high with mini portions of risotto, pizza, prosciutto, mozzarella, and olives.

Where Can I Eat . . .

...quintessential Milanese cuisine in a classic trattoria?

Il Carpaccio is Tod's menswear creative director Andrea Incontri's go-to. "The interiors are simple and the fresh ingredients are all on display," he says. "They have the best *puntarelle* and *cime di cicoria*" (Via Lazzaro Palazzi 19).

...dishes like Nonna used to make?

Fashion designer and Canali creative director Andrea Pompilio says **La Bettola di Piero** is all about the traditional dishes—his favorite is *le uova al tegamino con gli asparagi* (fried eggs with asparagus)—and it has the best desserts in town, too (Via Orti 17).

...in the next hot neighborhood?

Fashion editor Anna Dello Russo loves walking her dog every morning through the city's new Porta Nuova district. "It's so modern—it's the new Milan," says Dello Russo, who often stops by the cozy bistro **(Petit) Milano** (whose dining room is shown above) for a bite (Via Amerigo Vespucci 5).

...in a room full of locals?

"There are no tourists at **Tagiura**," say Dsquared2 duo Dean and Dan Caten, who come to this family-run trattoria for *tortellini pasticciati* (Via Tagiura 5). Just around the corner is **Ceresio 7**, the twins' own chic rooftop restaurant with two swimming pools—the perfect setting for a glass of prosecco (Via Ceresio 7).



WHEN YOU'VE HAD YOUR FILL OF PASTA AND NEGRONIS

Babasucco's fresh-pressed vegetable and fruit juices can be delivered straight to your hotel room, and you can order enough for one, three, or five days. Just store them in your mini-fridge and grab them when you can't possibly have another spoonful of gelato (babasucco.com; six for \$70).



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY (PETIT) MILAN; ALESSANDRO CALZOLARO; COURTESY BABASUCCO

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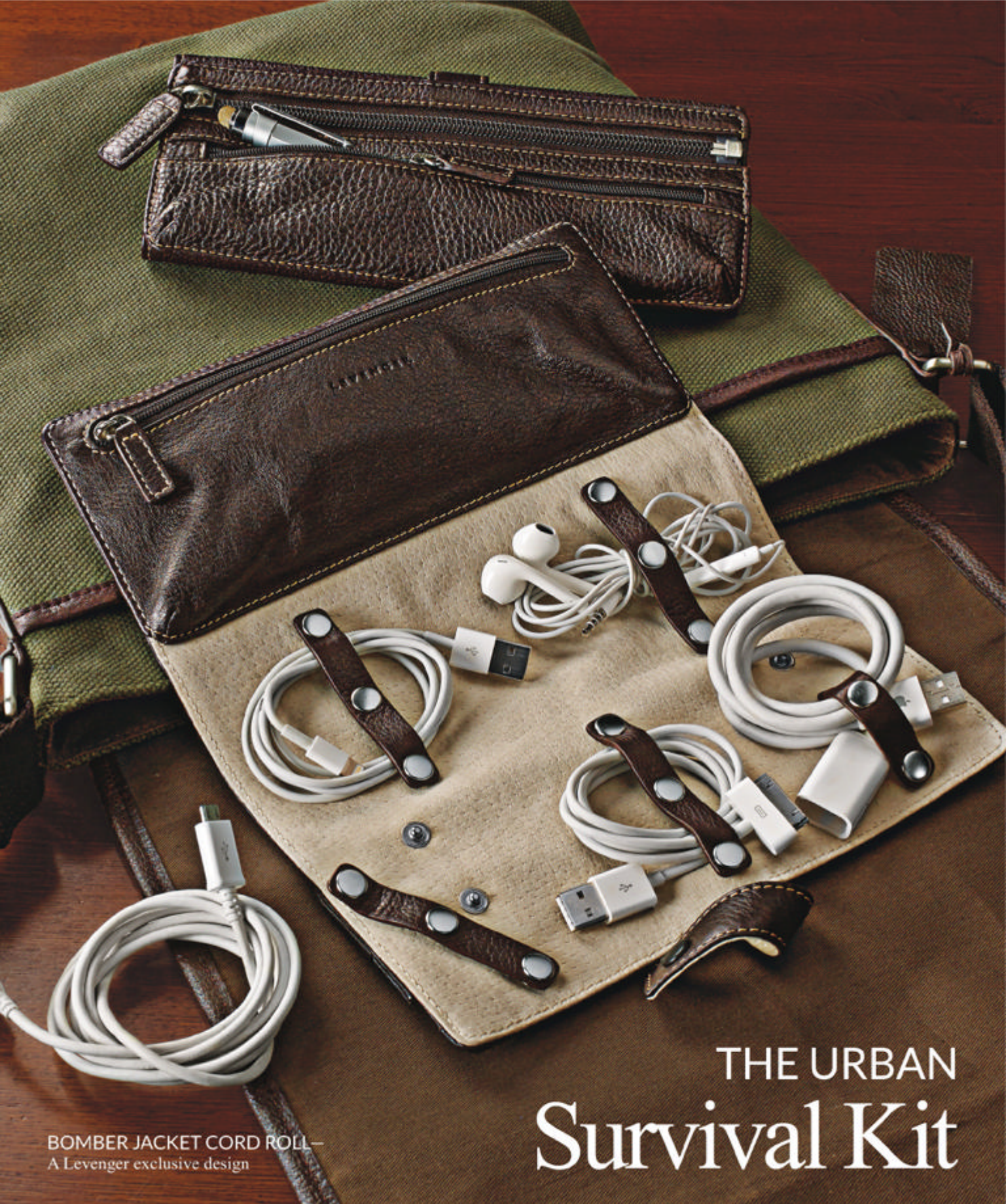


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ON LOCATION: KASHMIR “I was standing by a courtyard outside the fourteenth-century Shah Hamdan Mosque in Old Town Srinagar, trying to capture the flocks of pigeons, when suddenly this boy appeared at my side. Just at that moment the light was perfect. I turned my camera as quickly as I could and got only one frame before he left. It was one of those miraculous, completely unexpected shots.” —*Brian W. Ferry, October 27, 2014*

In central Portugal's Alentejo, *Guy Trebay* finds a region with robust cuisine, hot temperatures, medieval villages—and landscapes with a transcendental, soulful beauty virtually unaltered for centuries.

ETERNAL SUNSHINE

Photographs by Matthieu Salvaing





IF THERE exists a better way to see a landscape than on horseback, I've yet to find it. The world looks fine from high in a saddle, earth moving swiftly beneath you, air that much fresher six feet off the ground. Or so it seemed to me one mild late-winter afternoon in the Alentejo, that sleepy region in south-central Portugal that occupies a third of the country's overall landmass and is populated by far more creatures that get about on four legs than on two.

I was astride a piebald Lusitanian gelding called Uruguay, a horse so stout that I had to bow my legs to reach the stirrups. Trotting alongside me was a chatty 19-year-old local atop a jittery, wild-eyed mare. The two of us were hacking across a thousand-acre spread whose name in English translates roughly as Oak Tree Ranch. Squarely set on a hill in its middle stands Casa No Tempo, a modernist stucco farm complex designed by the visionary Lisbon architect Manuel Aires Mateus. I'd been lodged a few days here, in a hilltop house overlooking a wide-open agrarian landscape given over to olive groves, serried vineyards, and forests of the oak that provides most of the cork on the planet.

A short while earlier, we'd ridden through an orderly copse of these oaks, in which each tree was neatly painted in white with an Arabic numeral 3, and then, upmeadow along the ranch road, a stand of oaks labeled 5. It would be a while before I learned the rationale behind this system; for that moment, it was enough to submit to the irrational

magic of riding through a forest of numbers.

Magic and a certain illogic would in fact come to characterize the days I spent in the Alentejo, a 12,000-square-mile area of rude poverty and transcendent beauty, of undiscovered cultural riches, of ecclesiastical grandeur and primitive country faith—a place of whose existence I'd been more or less ignorant a month before.

Though there are some who have lately taken to calling the Alentejo the new Tuscany or the next Napa, I'm not so sure. It cannot be said that the Alentejo is unknown, exactly—coastal Comporta, with its white sand beaches and riverine marshes, has long been a haunt of the rustivating Continental ultra-rich—and yet everywhere you go in an interior reached along fine toll roads constructed when Portugal joined the European Union, you find somnolent towns, austere hilltop fortresses, villages that seldom see an outsider.

"The Alentejo is a land time passed by," I was informed by Libanio Murteira Reis, a onetime history professor who now conducts tours in Évora, the regional capital, and its surroundings. More precisely, perhaps, it's a place time washed over in successive waves, each epoch leaving its material tidemark behind. Within a single pie-shaped slice of Évora city, for instance, stand a first-century Roman temple, a severe twelfth-century cathedral built atop the rubble of an ancient mosque, a fifteenth-century convent, and a sixteenth-century palace where zealots of the Inquisition condemned heretics to their gruesome fate.

"In the Portuguese mind, the Alentejo is known for relaxation and very good preservation of

Previous page:

A terrace at Villa Extramuros, a contemporary retreat just north of Évora, Alentejo's capital.

Below: The whitewashed castle at Estremoz, one of a handful of virtually unvisited hill towns in the central Alentejo.

Right: A foyer at Pousada dos Lóios, a monastery turned boutique hotel in Évora.









Queijo fresco with thyme-infused olive oil at Casa No Tempo, a stucco farm compound remade as an elegant modernist B&B.

Left: The entrance to the former convent of Santa Maria de Flor da Rosa, now a small hotel called Pousada do Crato, in the town of the same name.

nature,” Murteira Reis remarked mildly one morning over a cup of the strong coffee with which the Portuguese dose themselves as if medicinally. “And,” he added with considerable understatement, “the food and the wine.”

If anything bids to put the Alentejo on the map of mass travel, it is, as *Wine Spectator* recently predicted, its wines. Before leaving Lisbon, I dined at Belcanto, a restaurant run by star chef José Avillez, whom Ferran Adrià once tipped as his likely successor; the wine list there proudly showcases the country’s many fine vineyards and vintages. Conducting me on a tasting tour, a young sommelier named Nuno Oliveira Silva made liquid detours to the award-winning rieslings from northeastern Beira, the light merlots produced on the island of Madeira, and the floral reds and mineral whites made by little-known wineries scattered throughout the Alentejo. The revelation was the whites, so fresh and brightly structured—in many cases made from varietals singular to the region, notably the tough-skinned, plump-bellied grape called Antão Vaz.

The next morning I headed straight for Évora, traversing the Tagus River (for which Alentejo—which translates to “Beyond the Tejo,” or Tagus—is named) in brilliant sunshine along the 11-mile span of the Vasco da Gama Bridge. In little more than 90 minutes, I was hauling my battered Globe-Trotter into the Convento dos Lóios, a stolid fifteenth-century monastery converted into a small hotel. My second-floor suite—or “cell,” in keeping with the cloistral theme—had a distinctly oddball arrangement. Its two high-ceilinged rooms overlooked a walled garden from whose pool powerful chlorine zephyrs wafted up through the windows. Plastering the vaulted ceiling were murals depicting idiotic-looking putti; below them, a series of medallion portraits portraying Portuguese notables, including the great poet Luís de Camões, a gloomy customer with a hipster beard and just one eye (the other was lost in battle).

The suite’s interior spaces hardly mattered, though, since right outside the door was the austere stony grandeur of the public ones—broad balconied corridors and wide stone stairs overlooking an enclosed quincunx garden, where ten days before Christmas orange trees were still laden with ripening fruit.

It’s often noted that Portugal receives 3,300 hours of sun yearly—a lot more than my hometown, though perversely Lisbon and New York City lie at the same latitude. And throughout my time in the Alentejo, the winter skies remained the blue of a duck egg, bright and furnished with the extravagant cloud formations that, in a place lacking a particular geographical raison d’être—no river, shoreline, mountain range, or coast—function as the local sublime.

For at least two recorded millennia, Évora was important to an assortment of conquerors and migrants, and their monuments remain tightly jigsawed within its Roman, medieval, and seventeenth-century ring walls. Compact and steep—with a population of 55,000, less regional metropolis than glorified town—Évora has the intimate feel of a walled city, a sensation amplified by the fact that its colonnaded squares, Baroque churches, and Ducal Palace are linked by a series of radial passages with names like Street of the Countess’s Tailor or Alley of the Unshaven Man. That it’s a university town enlivens what might otherwise feel like a pretty but moribund civic history lesson: one looming and dour ancient cathedral; 20 important though subsidiary churches; a handful of outstanding yet seldom-visited museums. Graffiti scrawled on old walls (LOVE SUCKS) jolts the visitor into awareness of Évora’s vital present, something you would not necessarily surmise from the general air of desuetude—embodied by a grumpy old cobbler I visited who’d occupied the same hole-in-the-wall shop for the past 50 years.

“**THE ALENTEJO** has all the conditions to be a destination, but it is not yet,” said an acquaintance in Lisbon. For me this was good news, since it meant that on a clear December morning I could find myself wandering the cobbled streets of the boat-shaped citadel village of Monsaraz—first fortified by the Knights Templar—as its lone visitor. For an hour or so, I inhabited the dream of being sole proprietor of this austere white-painted fortress; ransacking a small shop where a Dutch transplant named Mizette Nielsen sells refined blankets and shawls woven according to local traditions that she was instrumental in reviving; climbing the ramparts to an enclosed bull ring; gawping stupefied at the 360-degree vista of cultivated farmlands; puzzling, finally, at the austere Church of Santa Maria da Lagoa, over a carved-wood frieze depicting prayerful sinners engulfed in purgatorial flames. Something about these eternally doomed beings struck me as eerily familiar, their visages haunting. Not until I was back on the road out of town did it come to me: Fatefully bored, awaiting deliverance, those gilded sinners looked like the types I see all the time in the front row at fashion shows.

For all that Monsaraz is exceptional, it is far from unique. Also roughly equidistant from Évora are Vila Viçosa, site of the austere marmoreal Ducal Palace, which was once the seat of the noble Braganças; the fortress town of Elvas; hilly Estremoz; drowsy Redondo; and, somewhere in the remote countryside, the stubble fields from which rise the famous Cromlech of Almendres, often called the Stonehenge of Portugal. All that is known about

Opposite, clockwise from top left:

Interior details at Pousada dos Lóios, a former monastery that’s now a hotel; modern architectural touches at Pousada do Crato; saddling up for a hack through the oak forests at Casa No Tempo; cows grazing in a field on the way from Crato to Arraiolos.

STAY

Casa No Tempo

HERDADE DO CARVALHO, SABUGUEIRO ARRAIOLOS; from \$600.

Pousada dos Lóios

LARGO CONDE VILA-FLOR, ÉVORA; from \$145.

EAT

Belcanto

10 LARGO DE SÃO CARLOS, LISBON.

Botequim da Mouraria

16 RUA DA MOURARIA, ÉVORA.

Restaurante a Maria

12 RUA JOÃO DE DEUS, ALANDROAL.





Left: The zero-entry swimming pool at Casa No Tempo. **Below, from left:** A worker in the fields at Casa No Tempo; slivers of ham at Mercaria Gadanha, a restaurant in Estremoz. The local black pigs—and others shipped in from as far away as Spain—feast on acorns from the Alentejo's abundant oak forests, which gives the meat an extraordinarily complex flavor.

this surrealist assortment of phallic monoliths is that they date to the sixth century B.C.—that and the fact that, by some perplexing oversight, they went almost entirely undiscovered until 1966.

A kind of wondrous peculiarity came to seem more normal the longer I stayed in the Alentejo, where a Baroque palace might stand in the relative middle of nowhere; a severe church entablature might be ornamented with sculptures depicting four figures of Atlas, their backs turned rudely to the tabernacle inside; an art exhibition, easily among the best seen in years, might be stumbled upon in an all-but-empty museum with no sign to indicate the treasures inside.

The theme of that show, situated inside the former Palace of the Inquisition in Évora and now run by the Eugénio de Almeida Foundation, was transcendence. In it, aesthetically and spiritually challenging works by contemporary masters were counterbalanced with sacred relics borrowed from local parishes. A sculpture of hay and gold thread by the Brazilian artist Cildo Meireles was installed to set up a visual dialogue with a polychrome Pietà. A bloody-looking Joseph Beuys lithograph was placed near an eighteenth-century sculpture of the *Dead Christ*. A cluster of illuminated bulbs (*Last Light*) by the late artist Felix Gonzalez Torres was strung along a darkened passage leading to a gallery in which hung a sixteenth-century depiction of Veronica's Veil.

After the exhibit, I headed to what felt like its sequel: the ossuary in Évora's baroque Church of St. Francis, where visitors were free to wander

through a chamber whose walls and ceiling are barnacled with the ornamentally arranged bones of 5,000 monks, purportedly unearthed and repurposed centuries ago when the church ran out of available burial grounds. The Capelo dos Ossos is invariably termed gruesome, and yet even here I found indications of a typically Portuguese mordancy and pragmatism at work. Above the chapel's portal is a spook-house inscription: *Nos ossos que aqui estamos pelos vossos esperamos* ("Our bones await your bones"). Plainly intended to induce deep reflection on human mortality, the sign reminded me suddenly that it was time for lunch.

Beyond its 400 wineries, the Alentejo is justly celebrated throughout the country for its cuisine, its basic elements being pork, olives, and wheat, which is used to make a robust bread to which even wizards of molecular cooking like José Avillez routinely pay homage. There are tangy aromatic cheeses like Queijo de Nisa, made from raw ewe's milk and curdled with an infusion of thistle, and plenty of the game you'd expect to abound in an undeveloped region: duck and partridge, quail and boar.

As it happened, my visit coincided with the time when pigs from Spain and elsewhere in Portugal are trucked to the Alentejo to fatten on acorns. It seemed only fitting, then, that on a visit to Restaurante a Maria—a culinary pilgrimage place in the eye-blink village of Alandroal, one hour east of Évora—the chef, Maria Monteiro, suggested starting with platters of densely flavorful Iberian pork. Despite the awards plastered all over the





restaurant—an eccentric space decorated to resemble a village square—Monteiro was notably unassuming about her gifts, waving off praise of the fork-tender dish. Noting that her ingredients amount to little more than onion, garlic, vinegar, and red wine, that her technique is nothing but a long, slow simmering, she explained through a translator, “It’s nothing in particular I do. The flavor all comes from the quality of the meat.”

Her modesty, so out of step with the bloated egos of contemporary star chefs, came to seem delightfully characteristic. Back in Évora, I had bypassed a traditional restaurant famous with tourists to dine instead at a tiny bolt-hole in the Moorish quarter. Calling itself a “snack bar,” Botequim da Mouraria features 12 stools at a counter facing a wall, along which bottles from the myriad vintages the proprietor, Domingos Canelas, collects are arrayed like a glass palisade. Presiding over his joint like a benevolent despot, Canelas handed me a menu and made clear through briskly pantomimed gestures that if I had any brains I’d leave the ordering to him.

This made sense when you considered that he sleeps with the chef, who could just be seen behind a wood-bead curtain bustling efficiently around a kitchen barely big enough to store two brooms. Somehow, in that tiny chamber, the prim-featured Florbela Canelas nightly conjures up robust, richly flavorful dishes, which her husband serves to customers in the order—as the recorded message goes—in which they are received. At Domingos Canelas’s urging, I first ordered succulent loin of roast pork to follow wild asparagus topped with poached quail eggs, and on a second visit a dish of codfish with eggs. I caved quickly to his suggestion I finish my meal with a dessert, and lucky me that I did. How otherwise would I have stumbled upon the knowledge that Évora is known throughout Portugal for its confections, delicacies devised in convents to gratify the sweet tooth of celibate inmates—things called, in English, heaven’s lard or nun’s

belly. The honey-and-nut confection I had that evening is known as *mel e noz* (“honey and nut”) and was concocted from seven wafer-thin layers of walnut flour leavened with egg white and glazed. The dessert was so delicious that I finished with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret at the thought I might never taste it again.

Apparently I had come down with a case of *saudade*, that ineffably complex and bittersweet Portuguese emotion for which no satisfactory English translation exists. In its simplified essence, *saudade* is a kind of melancholic nostalgia, a preemptive longing for something that is, often enough, right at hand. “An unhappy pleasure,” is how it’s described in the lyrics of a well-known fado.

Once contracted, *saudade* is apparently incurable, or so I said jokingly one late afternoon to João Rodrigues, the TAP pilot whose vision it was to construct Casa No Tempo on his grandfather’s onetime hunting preserve, a 40-minute drive from Évora. The two of us sat drinking mint tea in the spare kitchen of a structure whose harmonious elements he intentionally and subtly kept particular to the region: the marble of the counter mined at Estremoz, clay brick floors fired at São Pedro do Corval, pine logged from nearby forests. Everything, Rodrigues explained, was designed to anchor the structure to its place in both physical and metaphysical ways. “The Portuguese hate change,” he told me—something I thought about again later as I galloped through country that cannot have been altered very much in centuries.

BEFORE RETURNING home, I remembered to call Rodrigues and inquire about the trees and their mysterious numbers, and thus learned from him that custom dictates cork oak cannot be harvested before a tree is 25, and law stipulates it can only be harvested every nine years. The numbers signify the most recent harvest—2 for 2002, 5 for 2005—and somehow I found that simple fact moving, less for what it says about maintaining tradition or practicing sustainable forestry than for the implication that, of necessity, a harvester develops a relationship with each individual tree over time. Though many factors influence the quality of the final product, Rodrigues explained, the most crucial element is the harvester’s hand. Using a tool with an ax on one end and a wedge on the other, he strikes, and then cautiously pries away the bark.

“It’s important the first strike is subtle,” Rodrigues explained. A wound created by the ax blade will later show up in the cork as a scar. “You always want to be able to come back to the tree.” And it is, I happen to believe, the truth that you do. ♦

For more photographs of Portugal’s Alentejo, download our digital edition.

Right: A view of Évora, the capital, where a first-century Roman temple, a medieval convent, and opulent sixteenth-century facades stand shoulder to shoulder along narrow cobbled streets.



Say the word “Kashmir” to any Indian and they’ll sigh with longing. But for many years, the region beloved for its epic landscapes and masterful crafts has been marred by strife. *Hanya Yanagihara* visits the next great Indian destination—and finds herself falling in love.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Photographs by Brian W. Ferry

I REMEMBER THE exact moment in Kashmir I knew I was in danger.

I was at a pashmina shop called Beigh in the capital city of Srinagar, in the back room of one of the region’s most renowned embroidery workshops. I was sitting on a leather sofa so deep and enveloping that it was like being nestled in the lap of a giant cat. Across from me, at a long, slablike table, sat two other shoppers: a fat woman in a shimmering kingfisher-blue sari, her plump wrists manacled with gold bangles, and her equally fat husband, who wore a black felt cowboy hat. The room was dim and windowless and warm. Not uncomfortably so, but in a slightly soporific, cossetting way, one that seemed calculated to remove the final, half-wrought defenses from someone—me, for whom being surrounded by embroidered fine-woven wool is a fight I usually don’t even try to win, as I know I won’t.

The room was quiet: hushed, even. The woman and man silently fingered the shawl before them, and the shop clerk soundlessly flipped over one end so they could examine how delicate the stitches were, so fine they looked as if they’d been hand-painted with a single hair. And then here they came in my direction, shawl after shawl after shawl, snapped open by a clerk with the solemnity

of an army officer crisply shaking out a flag: a putty stole, so thickly embroidered with vines and paisleys that it appeared to have been printed, not stitched; a vibrant squash-yellow shawl with dizzying patterns of multicolored diamonds and starbursts. And then, many shawls later, there it was: a fawn-colored square of pashmina embroidered with traditional Mogul designs—a row of paisleys, a row of roses, a row of tulips—that made me think of the apotheosis of the Moguls’ genius, the Taj Mahal, which is decorated with similar motifs. There I was: It was summer, and I was swaddled in layers of wool and twirling in front of the mirror while the couple at the table ignored me.

I wish I could have blamed the heat, or something in the sweet, faintly spicy tea you’re served wherever you go in Srinagar, its surface floating with crushed fresh almonds and threads of local marigold-orange saffron. But I couldn’t. I could only blame my inability to practice self-control in the face of something so beautiful.

Did I mention this was my first day?

KASHMIR, THE 86,000-square-mile region in India’s north, both is and isn’t the India of the popular imagination. When we think of India, most of us are in fact thinking of Rajasthan, that large splotch of dun-colored desert in the country’s northwest which, from the seventeenth through

Right: The aesthetic influence of both Nepal and India is evident in Kashmir’s architecture and design—as here, at the beautiful Shah Hamdan Mosque in Srinagar.



پیر و پادشاه
در پیشگاه پادشاه
پادشاه ایران
پادشاه ایران

الحمد لله الذي جعلنا من آل أبي طالب

the nineteenth centuries, was ruled by a succession of maharajas whose sense of color, opulence, and splendor created the most enduring images of India in the West. Rajasthan is where you'll find the palaces of Jaipur, the blue-roofed houses of Jodhpur, the glittering lake palaces of Udaipur.

But Kashmir—formally called Jammu and Kashmir—is different. Where Rajasthan (and much of central India) is sandy and dry, it is almost Alpine in appearance, with green, cloud-scraping mountains and vast blue lakes and fields sprigged with wild lavender and Queen Anne's lace. Where most of the country is, well, hot—from the bone-baking dry heat of the desert to the flesh-melting humidity of Kerala in the south—Kashmir is cool, so cool, in fact, that in the winter the temperatures can sink to sub-zero. Where the majority of India is predominantly Hindu, it is largely Muslim, despite the fact that Islam came to the area in the fourteenth century, later than to the rest of the country. Paradoxically, it is also, especially in its architecture—whose gabled, pagoda-like rooftops resemble buildings that might look more at home 760 miles across the border, in Kathmandu, than 522 miles south, in Delhi—discernibly Buddhist, a rarity in India. (Although Buddhism was born near the Hindu holy town of Varanasi, less than one percent of the population consider themselves Buddhist today, and little of its aesthetic influence remains.)

And yet in other, essential ways, Kashmir is perfectly Indian: in the impossibility of its diversity—human and topographical; in its peculiar and distinct out-of-time-ness; and, not insignificantly, in its love of artisanry, in the perfection and timelessness of its crafts.

It was these crafts that I had come to see. In other words, I had come to shop. Not that I feel I ever need to justify traveling to a place to shop—to spend your time in a foreign city's markets and boutiques is, after all, to learn about its aesthetics, its history, its local economy and daily life—but when you come to Kashmir to shop, you're in fact following a long tradition, one that began in the Mogul era, when the emperors began spending their summers in and around what is now Srinagar, in the region's east. This tradition continued during the British colonization, when Srinagar—today a town of 898,000—became a popular summertime retreat for the Raj's administrators. Today, it's a pilgrimage site for brides and celebrities, who arrive from Mumbai and Delhi in September and October to buy one of the heavily embroidered yet near-weightless pashminas that are made here and exported throughout India and around the world.

Which is how I found myself at Beigh. Even before it opened its retail arm, Beigh was renowned among pashmina cognoscenti for the quality and complexity of the work produced in its workshop,

a large, airy, sunlit rectangle of a room directly across from its second-floor shop. Here, in this room, sat five men, each leaning against a wall, stitching designs on his own shawl. Here, too, all was silent, the only sound the barely audible pluck and whoosh of a length of silk thread being pushed and pulled through wool.

Renuka Savasere, a scholar of Indian textiles and my companion on the day's tour through the city's ateliers, borrowed one of the men's shawls, which was a garden of flowers: scarlets and emeralds and daffodils on a pale-gray background. One man works on only one shawl, she explained. He designs it. He stitches it. And then it will be sold. A typical Beigh shawl, Renuka said, takes at least two years to make and costs \$3,000. This type of work is called *kani sozni*, and to see it so close is both beautiful and heartbreaking: beautiful because it is, and heartbreaking because of the way each man cradles the length of pashmina in his arms, letting it fall around his legs; heartbreaking because there is something gestational about spending so long creating one object.

There's also something deeply moving, even majestic, about witnessing this work; and something about the silence of the room, the almost palpable collective concentration of the men, makes the place seem more like a temple than a workshop. I mentioned this to Renuka, and she said that what I was sensing was in fact a kind of transcendence, a moving to another realm that is possible only through this delicate, difficult, exacting work. The Sufi-inflected Islam that is practiced in Kashmir was brought from Persia, not from Saudi Arabia, she told me, and is therefore gentler, more mystical, and at times ecstatic. "These artisans are in a state of meditation," she said. "When they work, they're entering another state; they believe God is in every stitch." And indeed, it's difficult not to see this minute work as a sort of worship, the practitioner spending ten hours a day, five days a week, for three to five years, with his piece of pashmina, his stitching a form of prayer, a removal from the earthly world, even as he creates something so of the earth. It's one of the things that makes Kashmir feel so singular—even in India, a place which seemingly has more artisans and practices more forms of traditional crafts than anywhere else on earth. Here, though, the act of making something beautiful isn't just a vocation—but a religion unto itself.

OF COURSE, there's a reason that Kashmir's craft-making traditions have been unusually well preserved, seemingly untouched by modern shortcuts and technologies. It's the same reason why, until recently, you probably wouldn't have thought of visiting Kashmir at all.

The story of Kashmir's relative isolation from the rest of India—and its still-stubborn reputation as a

Clockwise from top left: You might confuse the vast protected forestland of the Overa-Aru National Park for somewhere in Switzerland; one of Kashmir's most famous artistic traditions is its painstakingly detailed papier-mâché work; during the day, Dal Lake, which dominates Srinagar, is busy with small boats selling vegetables and fruits and ferrying tourists and locals around; a typical Kashmir welcome—cookies and saffron tea with crushed almonds.

STAY

Sukoon

There are many houseboats cluttering Dal Lake, but *Sukoon*—with its simple, well-outfitted rooms, gorgeous roof deck, and, best of all, onboard chef—is alone worth the trip to Srinagar. sukoonkashmir.com; from \$150.

SHOP

Andraab

One of the country's top cashmere shops, with excellent-quality locally made bedspreads, shawls, and wraps, often in whimsical modern designs. HUMHAMA CHOWK, NEAR VISION PUBLIC SCHOOL, AIRPORT RD., SRINAGAR.

Asia Crafts

Shimmering, high-quality silk-wool-blend Kashmir rugs. THE BUND, SRINAGAR.

Beigh

Exquisite shawls, scarves, and stoles at a variety of price points; you can see the more









Previous page: The Harwan Buddhist ruins, high in the hills on the outskirts of Srinagar, date from as early as A.D. 300.

Left: A master embroiderer at Beigh, in Srinagar. He'll work on this one shawl for three to five years.

elaborate pieces being made right across the hall from the shop.

GAZIDOORI,
ALAMGARI BAZAR,
SRINAGAR.

**Hakeem Jan
Mohammad Shah**

A small wholesaler in Srinagar with a broad selection of affordable handwoven shawls in a variety of styles. By appointment only.
91-990-695-9611.

Johnson Arts

Papier-mâché boxes, bowls, trays, and objets by a master craftsman.
maqbooljan2012@gmail.com.

Kashmir Loom

This young, inventive cashmere line owned by an English woman does shawls in traditional Mogul patterns and more contemporary ones, like a dark-blue wool-blend scarf patterned with hot-pink lips. By appointment only.
kashmirloom.com.

**Kathwari of
Kashmir**

Rugs of every shape, style, and size from across India and central Asia. The bright crewelwork rugs are particularly covetable—and very affordable.
POLO VIEW,
SRINAGAR.

HOW

Wild Frontiers

You'll need an introduction—and a good guide—to get inside many of the workshops. I used Jonny Bealby of Wild Frontiers.
wildfrontierstravel.com.

dangerous corner of the Subcontinent—begins in 1947, when the end of British rule created two separate countries: Pakistan and India. Both countries made claim to Jammu and Kashmir, however, and thus began a series of conflicts—with major armed eruptions in 1947, 1965, and 1999 (and this isn't even counting the conflict with China, which in 1962 also tried to claim the territory as its own). Today, different parts of the region are governed by either Pakistan or India, a hard-won compromise that seems to please neither side but has arguably made the region safer than it's been in many decades, perhaps since before Partition; even the most recent flare-ups, in December 2014, around the national elections elicited little more than a shrug. Small wonder, then, that many Kashmiris consider themselves neither Indian nor Pakistani. "I'm Kashmiri," a few artisans told me, in the same declarative way that I announce myself, while traveling abroad, not as an American but as a New Yorker.

But although the scars of conflict have had noticeable deleterious effects—the region is home to the largest paramilitary force in India, and Srinagar is punctuated with armed checkpoints, the streets filled with olive-suited soldiers with machine guns slung over their shoulders—the overall effect is less threatening than it is, simply, unattractive. It also means that practices which might have died out long ago still flourish in Kashmir. Here, fathers and sons still weave intricate shawls side by side at old-fashioned looms (the fine embroidery work has always been done by men). Here, women still clean and card wool on primitive wooden implements that have been passed down through generations. Here, making things isn't just a way to make a living: It is the one constant in a century whose every decade has brought some sort of war or uprising. It is something that has always belonged to the people and the culture, that has nothing to do with which country claims to govern them.

After our trip to Beigh, Renuka and I drove through the old town. Before Partition, she said, Srinagar was wealthy, a city that was literally constructed to accommodate commerce. She pointed out how the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century wooden buildings—most of them now glorious decaying ruins, with their quaint shuttered windows cut high into the walls, and their little balconettes, and their intricate carvings—all hug the Jhelum River, which wends through the city, the better to transport raw materials and finished products throughout the region.

What those sagging structures don't reveal is that, recently, tourists have begun returning to the region, and everywhere are shops waiting to be rediscovered, not just by Indians but by Westerners as well (aside from the British, who flocked here in the pre-independence years, Kashmir was also a

popular hippie redoubt in the 1960s). We stopped at an unnamed atelier—really a cement cube, dark and smelling of fire, one wall open to the dusty square before us—where a small, very old silversmith with a lovely smile and callused hands showed us what he'd been working on: a pair of delicate high-heel mules made of solid silver, their surface etched with flowing swirls and feathers. "It's for a bride," Renuka explained. "She'll wear these shoes for just one night and then never again." The silversmith uncovered other pieces for us to marvel at: large platters, etched with the same elegant patterns; a minaudière, no larger than a pack of playing cards.

I wanted to buy something there, but for some reason—uncharacteristically—I didn't. Instead, we continued on through the old town's narrow alleyways, passing a row of copper workers, the floors of their stalls gleaming with polished vessels; a fur wholesaler, his shop stacked to the ceiling with muslin bags the size of a small car, one bursting with strips of mink; a woodworking shop, where a group of men sat cross-legged on the floor, carving flowers into rounds of walnut wood. They, like everyone we met, waved at us to come in, let us pick up and handle their work in progress. And this is another way in which Kashmir differs from the rest of India, where shopping can feel like both an aerobic sport and a game of psychological warfare; here, the bargaining is laid-back and mellow, the crowds are negotiable, and the quality of the offerings—from the lustrous silk-and-wool carpets, to the bright crewelwork rugs in Matisse-like patterns, to the elaborate, near-indestructible papier-mâché cache boxes (another of the region's celebrated crafts), to, of course, the pashmina shawls—is consistently high. Kashmir is still unvisited enough that you can actually meet the people who are making the products you might later buy at a concept store in Mumbai or at Bergdorf Goodman or Bon Marché. In a globalized world, where you can find almost anything almost anywhere, there's something especially thrilling about being here, in an India that feels, in every good way, slow.

BUT IT'S not just the plenitude of its crafts that makes Kashmir feel like another India; it's the landscape as well.

On my second-to-last day, I left Srinagar at dawn for the two-hour drive to the village of Aru in the Overa-Aru National Park, a large forested nature preserve east of Srinagar. As visitors to this city have done since the nineteenth century, I was staying on a houseboat, a wide, low barge-like vessel hewn from cedarwood and anchored in the eight-and-a-half-square-mile Dal Lake, the vast body of water that is to the city what the Piazza San Marco is to Venice or Central Park is to New York: part pleasure garden, part public living room. In



summertime, during the long, sleepy afternoons that shade into equally long, sleepy twilights, tourists and locals hop from the banks into tiny colorful *shikaras*, a sort of aquatic rickshaw that's plied by a rower at one end, to glide around the lake, the air thick with locusts and dragonflies. Before I climbed into the motorized longboat that would make the sputtering two-minute ride to shore, I walked to the top deck of the houseboat and looked over the lake's fields of lotus pads: In August, the flowers bloom all at once, covering the water's surface with bunches of pink blossoms.

THE ROAD to Aru seemed to carry me back in time even as it carried me forward in place: Lime-green rice fields that looked like they were transplanted from Bali morphed into moss-green forests that could have been airlifted from Bhutan, and with each mile, the twenty-first century felt more and more an abstraction. By the time my guide and I reached the hills of Aru, so thickly forested that, from a distance, they appeared carpeted with trees, the only evidence of the Industrial Age was the sight of other cars bouncing alongside us (and the metal signs warning of bears).

We stopped on a rutted dirt road, and then we began to climb. Around us, the air grew thinner and cooler, and sweet with a fragrance I'd never smelled before in India: one of pinesap and mulch and fir and wood smoke. A woman—a member

of one of the nomadic tribes that live here in the summer months before moving downhill to more temperate climates in the winter—passed us on the twisting narrow path, a bundle of fresh-split wood balanced atop her head. Up and up the path climbed, and soon, even the sounds of the village at the foot of the mountain vanished, blotted out by the ancient pine trees all around us.

An hour later, we stopped. Unlike everywhere else I've been in India, it was completely still, completely silent, the roar of motorbikes and hawkers and horns that is the country's constant sound track as remote as rumor. And although no place should inspire so many years of bloodshed, it is, one has to admit, a land worth fighting for. The question is whether it will continue to work for its own preservation as more tourists return to its land, as peacetime challenges its centuries-old traditions even as it brings greater prosperity to the region.

But in the moment, high on that hill scattered with wildflowers, there was only the idealized landscape, still unscarred by conflict and modernity. It was a view that the great Mogul emperor Jahangir would have seen as he surveyed some of his vast holdings during his 22-year reign, from 1605 to 1627. "If there is heaven on earth," he wrote of Kashmir, "it is here, it is here, it is here." May it always be. ♦

Above, from left: A room aboard the cedar *Sukoon* houseboat; a basket of hand-dyed silk yarn at Beigh's workshop. **Right:** Srinagar's beautiful Shalimar Bagh, a garden built by the Mogul emperor Jahangir for his wife in 1619.

For more photographs of Kashmir, download our digital edition.



The Ocean View Club, a Bahamian retreat on Harbour Island, personifies old-fashioned Caribbean charm. And as *David Amsden* discovered on a recent visit, so do Ben Simmons, the third-generation owner, and Charlotte Phelan, who along with their four dogs call the hotel home.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Photographs by Jenny Gage and Tom Betterton



ON HER: VERA WANG GOWN (VERA WANG, N.Y.C.; \$2,250); DAVID YURMAN CHAIN NECKLACE (DAVID YURMAN, N.Y.C.; \$3,850); BVLGARI BZERO1 AND BVLGARI BVLGARI NECKLACE (BVLGARI.COM; \$1,550 AND \$13,000); SALVATORE FERRAGAMO SUNGLASSES (MARCHON.COM; \$346). ON HIM: EVERLANE SHIRT (EVERLANE.COM; \$55)



WHEN BEN Simmons and Charlotte Phelan first met, the last thing either of them could have imagined was that together they would end up running the Ocean View Club, a storied hotel on Harbour Island, a three-mile-long cay off the Bahamian island of Eleuthera.

They were in Ireland, for starters, a world away from the tattered luxury, pale-pink sands, and flat cerulean waters that have been drawing an eclectic crowd to the hotel for generations. They were also children: He was 8 and she was 12, two kids with little in common aside from the fact that they were attending the same boarding school—and

happened to share a birthday. “I used to bring Ben cake in the junior dining hall,” said Charlie, as she prefers to be called, one recent afternoon as she organized the liquor bottles behind the hotel’s bar. “But a four-year age difference is an eternity when you’re that young, so that was pretty much the extent of our relationship. The idea that we’d be doing this”—she gestured toward the hotel’s homey kitchen, where Ben, a chef, was baking bread for the evening’s meal—“is one of those things that reminds you that life is crazy in the best of ways.”

The Ocean View’s bar was a fitting spot for Charlie, a sprightly 34-year-old who could serve as a stand-in for Naomi Watts, to be telling this story, since it was in this cozy nook that she and

Previous page, from left: Ben Simmons and Charlotte Phelan took over Harbour Island’s Ocean View Club from Simmons’s mother in 2013; Room 9 is where his parents were married 35 years ago.

This page: When Simmons was a boy, this was the family’s kitchen. Now an ocean-facing guest room, it’s referred to as the Kitchen Cottage.

Right, clockwise from top left: Phelan and Simmons arranging flowers for a wedding at the hotel; rum-based Goombay Smash and lemonade at the hotel bar, which is run on the honor system; cars are more common than ever on the island, but locals still prefer golf carts or bicycles; the Kitchen Cottage’s claw-foot tub.





TOP LEFT: ETRO GOWN (SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.C.; \$4,582). BOTTOM RIGHT: BURBERRY CARDIGAN (BURBERRY.COM; \$625); BAND OF OUTSIDERS SHORT SHORT (BANDOFOUTSIDERS.COM; \$465)



From top: Phelan with Busta Rhymes, one of the couple's four dogs ("If you don't like dogs," she says, "this is not the place for you to stay"); breakfast served on the terrace overlooking the beach. **Right:** Simmons on a run to North Eleuthera, which is about ten minutes away by boat or water taxi.



Ben reconnected five years ago. She had flown from her native Ireland to Harbour Island for a friend's wedding and had ended up—as visitors to the island often do—at the hotel for an intimate, boozy gathering of friends. Running into Ben was not exactly a shock. He had been raised on the hotel's lush, rambling grounds by his mother, Pip, who had owned and operated the property since the late seventies. "What I didn't know is that I would fall in love with him in about five minutes," Charlie went on. "We talked all night, and three months later I had packed up my life back home and moved here."

Just then, Ben, a boyishly handsome 30-year-old, came over. "Still, running the hotel was never part of the plan," he said. "This was Mum's place, and in a lot of ways it always will be."

Indeed, to locals and regular guests alike, the 14-room Ocean View has long been known simply as Pip's Place. A singular force of nature, Pip hardly fit the traditional mold of someone in the hospitality business: Brash, opinionated, sardonic, with a keen aesthetic sensibility and a cigarette perpetually dangling from her lips, Pip ran the place as an extension of her personality and tastes, creating a retreat that occupied that sweet spot between a boutique hotel and a bed-and-breakfast, and stood in stark contrast to the glossy resorts that dominate the Caribbean hotelscape. A chef trained at the Cordon Bleu in Paris, she did all of the cooking, feeding guests at communal tables (a typical meal in those days would consist of coconut-lemongrass lobster curry and platters of grapefruit with avocado, toasted pine nuts, and pomegranate), and ran the bar on the honor system: You mixed your own drinks and kept a tally in a leather-bound notebook. A fervent collector of antiques, Pip would redo the decor each season, making the Ocean View a place that was always familiar but never stagnant.

In the early eighties, photographer Bruce Weber discovered the property during a photo shoot, and soon after the Ocean View became a mandatory destination for the fashion set: Photographer Gilles Bensimon, Naomi Campbell, and Cindy Crawford all stayed here during shoots, finding comfort in its chill, anything-goes vibe. "There weren't many hotels on the island back then," Ben recalled, "and there was nowhere else like this. Mum kind of gave them the run of the place but would be happy to cook a meal for 30 people at two in the morning if it was that kind of night, which it often was."

Two years ago, however, Pip put the hotel on the market—partly from fatigue and partly from her disenchantment with the culture. The island was more developed—the rickety golf carts that have always been the vehicle of choice now share the road with more cars than ever—and she was frustrated by what she saw as a new breed of

traveler, who seemed more interested in staring at a smartphone than befriending strangers during late-night chats. And the fashion crowd, which accounted for 70 percent of the hotel's revenue through 2008, had become less reliable thanks to recession-era budget restrictions.

At the time, Ben and Charlie were running a wedding-planning company and were in the process of turning a piece of undeveloped land on neighboring Eleuthera into a private beach with vintage tents. "We thought, Why not merge the wedding business with the hotel instead?" Ben said. "So we made an offer to Mum, and with her blessing started this adventure." For Pip, who now runs a nearby clothing boutique, giving her son control of the Ocean View made sense. "I inherited the place from my mother," she recalled one recent afternoon. "So now it's Ben's turn to do what he wants."

Since taking over two years ago, Ben and Charlie have put their own stamp on the property while honoring its spirit. The decor remains a funky, ever-evolving mélange (the newly acquired floral-print sofas were sourced from Turkey; the teak Louis XV pieces from Belgium); the bar is still run on the honor system (with a new leather-bound book to record the tabs); and meals are now served outside, under the billowing white tents that Ben constructed to shade the hotel's expansive patio. Two guest rooms have been added—airy tented structures overlooking the water, painted in all white and christened "Tent Cottages"—and the rooms have Wi-Fi, which Ben knows is just the sort of upgrade that Pip long resisted on principle. "It's about recognizing the times we live in without ruining what makes this place so special," he said. The fashion crowd have returned, though now they're joined by young couples and families from the States and Europe. The Ocean View of today is a touch more polished than it was, yet its slapdash, bohemian spirit very much prevails.

Running the hotel is a seven-day-a-week gig, and Ben and Charlie's constant presence on the property—whether in the kitchen, behind the bar, or fielding reservations in their small office—allows guests to feel like characters in their storybook romance. Still, the couple make a point of finding time to themselves, most notably on their shared birthday, the same one they celebrated a lifetime ago in their Irish boarding school. "Now we have a much better tradition," Charlie said, describing how, every March 13, the two of them fill the back of their pickup truck with blankets and pillows and drive out to the beach with a bottle of wine. "It's been a crazy, nutty year," she added, "and it's only going to get busier with a baby on the way in June. But it's an insanity we're very lucky to share together." ♦

Right: Marley's Cottage, one of the newer and more spacious guest rooms.

Ocean View Club: *Court St.; from \$335.*



Actor and designer Waris Ahluwalia has spent years seeking out old-world charms hidden in far-flung corners of the globe. Amid the colorful grand haciendas of the Yucatán Peninsula, he discovers a land lost in time. *Lindsay Talbot* goes along for the adventure.

THE LIFE EXOTIC

Photographs by Christopher Wray-McCann





I'M MEETING Waris Ahluwalia—designer, actor, businessman, and professional bon vivant—somewhere in the middle of Mexico. For the nearly four hours since I left Cancún airport, it's been an endless stretch of highway against thick green jungle, interspersed with only the occasional gas station, peeling billboard, or official police check-point. As signs for the city of Mérida, the tiny colonial capital on the western tip of the Yucatán Peninsula, begin to appear, we finally start to slow, before turning off onto a bumpy byroad where the jungle thins, revealing pink and yellow churches, thatched huts, and colorful storefronts with hand-painted advertisements for Coca-Cola and Corona.

At the road's end is Hacienda Temozon, where shady arcades and palm tree-lined lawns lead to a palatial oxblood-red seventeenth-century estate. Once a cattle ranch and a major manufacturer of henequen (or sisal, which comes from agave plants), it's now a 28-room hotel, one of five haciendas in the region recently given new life by the Luxury Collection hotel group. Here, I wander past charming cobblestoned courtyards and mirror-like swimming pools to find that the place is full of magical relics—brightly painted wooden trolleys that can still run along their original narrow-gauge train tracks; gleaming pieces of antique

henequen-processing machinery; *mosaico* tile floors. A sign in a quiet grove points to the tennis courts, a *cenote* (a deep natural pool in the limestone bedrock), stables, and walking trails. It all feels a bit like a Wes Anderson set with a tropical twist—fittingly, considering that Waris is something of a muse for Anderson, appearing in four of his films.

Born in the foothills of the Himalayas and now based in New York, Waris spends much of the year traveling to meet the craftsmen and artisans who fabricate the exquisite handmade objets—malachite keepsake boxes by Venetian goldsmiths and Mogul-themed jewelry by enamellers in Jaipur, among them—that he creates for his House of Waris collection, which is sold online and at Rare, his boutique at the Gritti Palace in Venice. Recently, he's begun sourcing sisal goods and silver filigree from an artisan cooperative in Mérida called Fundación Haciendas del Mundo Maya, inspiring this visit to a corner of Mexico known for its history of traditional craftsmanship and Mayan techniques.

He invited a few friends along on the trip—including art director Sofía Sanchez Barrenechea, designer Yigal Azrouël, singer Sophie Auster, entrepreneur Graham Hill, and his girlfriend, Sophie Oakley—whom I meet over cocktails in the main house at Hacienda Temozon. *Mezcal* in hand, we wander the maze of old-fashioned drawing rooms hung with ancestral portraits and terraces with

Previous page: Waris Ahluwalia against the stenciled walls of Hacienda Santa Rosa; one of the swimming pools at the property. **Below, from left:** Sophie Oakley swimming in a cenote; dancers performing a traditional *jarana*; singer Sophie Auster; the arched veranda at Hacienda Temozon.



STAY

Hacienda Santa Rosa (A Luxury Collection Hotel)

KM 129 CARRETERA
MÉRIDA-CAMPECHE,
SANTA ROSA; from
\$240.

Hacienda Temozon (A Luxury Collection Hotel)

KM 182 CARRETERA
MÉRIDA-UXMAL,
TEMOZÓN
SUR; from \$250.

majestic high-beamed ceilings: a bygone vision of colonial-era Mexico one no longer finds in Playa del Carmen and Puerto Vallarta. “This weekend isn’t just about seeing the beauty of this place; it’s about engaging with its people and culture and history,” Waris says, as we linger on the breezy columned veranda over a dinner of traditional dishes such as *sopa de lima* and Yucatecan-style beef tenderloin.

The next morning, the whole group heads to neighboring Hacienda Santa Rosa—a periwinkle-blue nobleman’s mansion turned 11-room hotel with plunge pools made of Mayan-style *chultunes* (stone wells that once captured and stored rainwater). Here, there’s a group of seven workshops, each focused on a different technique—including embroidery, metalwork, filigree, and henequen. Together, its artisans have revived centuries-old handicraft techniques like *corchado* spinning and *jipi-japa* weaving, and we spend the day braiding baskets, hammering silver, and cross-stitching linen with the 17 women who run the co-op. “I’m fascinated by the idea of craft as commerce,” Waris says while looming a hammock. “The work I do with House of Waris is about finding artisans to exchange with directly—supporting them by selling their pieces, giving them exposure, and creating a new demand for their skills and lost artistry.”

It’s hard work, but afterward there’s play. The next 48 hours are one long adventure—an

uncovering of the Yucatán’s little-known hacienda route and ancient Mayan sites. One night, we wander into Temozón Sur and hop a wire fence to get into the town’s weekly *cumbia* dance party. We ride wooden trolleys drawn along the tracks by Hacienda Temozon’s two donkeys, Juan and Tobacco, to a remote *cenote*, where we descend a 30-foot ladder for a swim. We put on aprons and prepare the Mexican braised-pork dish *cochinita pibil*, which is wrapped in banana leaves and buried in the earth for its six-hour roast. We travel with an archaeologist to Uxmal, exploring its pyramid and quadrangles. The faint scent of jacaranda, bougainvillea, and frangipani seems to follow us wherever we go.

The retreat ends with a final feast in Hacienda Temozon’s *casa de máquinas*, where we eat by candlelight alongside turn-of-the-century henequen looms. An operatic tenor sings, accompanied by violins and *vibuelas*; he’s followed by a mariachi band crooning traditional songs. As they sing the joyous anthem “¡Viva México!” I notice that a slightly solemn pall has fallen over the room—and it dawns on me that none of us will ever be quite ready to leave. Waris feels the same way. “It always seems that the best trip of all,” he says wistfully, “is the one that goes back in time.” ♦

For more photographs of the Yucatán, download our digital edition.



TRAVEL INTEL

Tips, tricks, and miscellany: Our editors' guide to this month's destinations.



This Month's Top 5 Travel Tips from the Experts

1 *Avoid the summer rush in Turkey and go this spring instead.*
“In April and May, you’ll have gorgeous weather—with a chance of showers in April but few crowds in Istanbul, Cappadocia, and Ephesus,” says Earl Starkey of Sophisticated Travel. You’ll also get good rates at hotels like the luxe Shangri-La Bosphorus.

2 *Don't put off booking a guided tour of national parks.*
Hotels and flights are usually sold out well in advance (see facing page for stats), but Caroline Wood of Caroline Travel reminds us that “guides should be locked in too at popular sites like Yellowstone or Yosemite.”

3 *Make your international trips even more hassle-free.*
“If you haven’t already, sign up for U.S. Customs and Border Protection’s Global Entry program to bypass airport security lines on your upcoming summer trips,” says Antonia Neubauer of Myths and Mountains. For details, visit cntraveler.com/travel-intel.

4 *Plan Christmas in Brazil...*
“It’s an increasingly popular destination, and the most sought-after properties in Trancoso are booked by June,” says Jill Siegel of South American Escapes, so act now to get a room at one of the beach town’s boutique hotels, like the chic ten-room Uxua Casa.

5 *... or do a holiday safari.*
“Wildlife viewing is at its peak in Botswana’s Kalahari in December, as the desert is transformed into vast grasslands,” says Scott Wiseman of Cox & Kings, The Americas. Properties—some with just three to six rooms—sell out more than a year in advance, so act fast.



268,400 Miles Logged Last Year

Alberto Festa, New York-based president of Bulgari America, on the best custom shirts in Rome, and the ideal spot for a cocktail after a long day.

My favorite business cabin is ALITALIA'S MAGNIFICA CLASS. My least favorite is AMERICAN AIRLINES. I always pack ONE SHIRT PER DAY, PLUS ONE EXTRA IN CASE OF EMERGENCY—MY SHIRTS ARE CUSTOM-MADE IN ROME AT STAFFIERO, ON THE VIA CRATI. In Rome, I’ll do lunch OUT ON THE TERRACE AT CAFE CIAMPINI, ON THE PIAZZA TRINITA DEI MONTI, and dinner at CAMPONESCHI, ON THE PIAZZA FARNESE, OR PESCI FRITTI, ON THE VIA DI GROTTA PINTA, FOR FISH AND PASTA. For pizza, I head straight to GUSTO, ON THE PIAZZA AUGUSTO IMPERATORE, for coffee, CIAMPINI, ON THE PIAZZA DI SAN LORENZO IN LUCINA. And the best way to end the day is WITH A GARIBALDI, WHICH IS CAMPARI AND ORANGE JUICE, AT ANTICA ENOTECA ON THE VIA DELLA CROCE.

The Best Souvenirs from This Issue's Destinations

Save luggage space for these local goods.

Yucatán

SISAL BAGS

Hacienda Temozon
(182 Carretera
Mérida-Uxmal,
Santa Rosa; \$15).



Milan

MILK CHOCOLATE FORESTE BLOCKS

Gay Odin
(Via San Giovanni
sul Muro 19; \$3).



Sicily

BITTER-ORANGE MARMALADE

Le Antiche Siracuse
(Via Roma 9; \$10).



Harbour Island

AFROHEAD RUM

Da Vine Wine
Merchants
(Bay St.; \$48).



The Alentejo

HAND- EMBROIDERED WOOL SLIPPERS

Mizette Nielsen
(Rua do Celeiro,
Monsaraz; \$40).



WOULD YOU EVER...



... hit the beach wearing **June**, a new bracelet that measures your UV exposure and reminds you, via smartphone, to reapply sunscreen—or move into the shade—before you get burned? (netatmo.com; \$99)

THE DO-GOOD TOUR GUIDE

AnyRoad.com, now available in 85 countries, will connect you with a super-savvy local who'll lead walking tours, museum visits, and street food crawls. The best part? The Web site donates five percent of its revenues to a nonprofit of the tour guide's choosing (anyroad.com).

Ombudsman Trip, Interrupted

Q Last September, I was scheduled to fly Air France from Marseille to Paris, and then on to JFK, but the first leg of my trip was canceled because of a pilots' strike. The airline provided a helpful document that spelled out my options, including its offer to "refund as rapidly as possible" any reasonable expenses incurred if I made my own alternate travel arrangements. So I booked a ticket on a fast train to Paris and spent the night in a hotel in order to make my transatlantic flight the next day. Later, I submitted a claim and receipts, but so far I haven't received a refund from Air France. Can you help? —Ben R., New York City

A After hearing from Ombudsman, Air France honored its written promise and refunded the cost of the train ticket, the hotel room, and other incidentals (including meals and cab fare), as well as the cost of the canceled flight: a total of \$687. (Many airlines now make accommodations for disruptions caused by strikes and even foul weather such as winter storms in the Northeast or hurricanes in the Caribbean.) Most important: Keep copies of all receipts—and the airline's policy regarding refunds—and file your claim promptly once you're home. If you haven't received a reply after three weeks, take to social media to demand answers: Our sources say that Twitter proves particularly effective.

Need help solving a travel problem?
Ombudsman offers advice and mediation:
E-mail ombudsman@cntraveler.com.

32 DAYS | 59 DAYS

The average advance-purchase time for domestic (left) and international (right) flights, according to the Airlines Reporting Corporation and Expedia.

57 DAYS | 171 DAYS

The ideal advance-purchase time for domestic (left) and international (right) flights—to snag the lowest average airfare—according to the same study.

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A Charmed Life

Shortly after my parents were married 59 years ago, they set out on a road trip—the first of many—from New York City to Anchorage across an unpaved Yukon highway in a '55 Packard. It was there, at a mom-and-pop jewelry store, that my father picked out a sterling silver charm in the shape of Alaska—the very first he bought for a bracelet he had given my mother, and the start of what would become a lifelong tradition. From the U.S., it was on to Munich, where my dad was stationed in the army (and where, naturally, he found a little beer mug). After my sister and I were born, they continued the ritual, collecting souvenirs from our family vacations to Italy (a gondola), Holland (a clog), and Switzerland (a hunk of cheese). As children, my sister and I would study each charm, remembering every trip we took as a family and imagining those our parents took before we were born. This bracelet holds so many memories of adventures past—and now I'm continuing the tradition our parents started with a new bracelet, adding charms from my own family's travels for my daughter to wear, reminisce about, and add to. —Stephanie Nicks

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*IT IS NOT THE CRITIC
WHO COUNTS;*

*THE CREDIT BELONGS
TO THE MAN WHO IS
ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA,*

WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY;

*WHO ERRS, WHO COMES
SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN;*

*WHO KNOWS
GREAT ENTHUSIASMS;*

*WHO SPENDS HIMSELF
IN A WORTHY CAUSE;*

*WHO AT THE BEST
KNOWS IN THE END*

*THE TRIUMPH OF
HIGH ACHIEVEMENT,*

AND WHO AT THE WORST,

*IF HE FAILS,
AT LEAST FAILS
WHILE DARING GREATLY.*



DARE GREATLY